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FEBRUARY 1988

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FEBRUARY 1988

Vol. 10 No. 2

**COVER STORY**

Is the biggest chess tournament in North America a coup for Saint John or is it another in Mayor Elsie Wayne's series of zoos and circuses?

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COVER PHOTO BY JAMES WILSON

**SPECIAL REPORT**

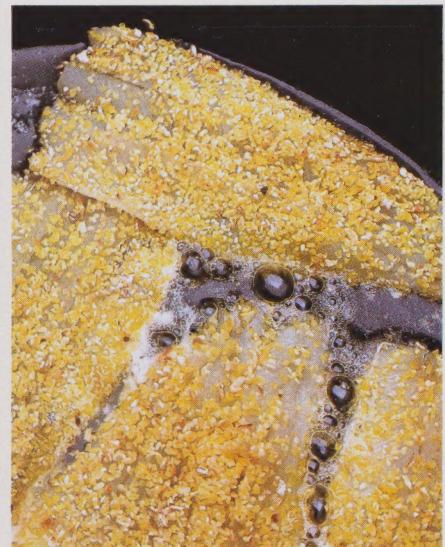
Looking back at life in the Indian Residential School in Shubenacadie: a legacy of fear and bad memories haunt the former pupils.

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The delicate silvery smelt, an Atlantic Canadian mid-winter tradition needs an image change to find its way back to linen-covered tables.

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How should you invest your money? Who's the best person to give you advice? Where can you get answers to these questions? Look to the special feature section in this issue.

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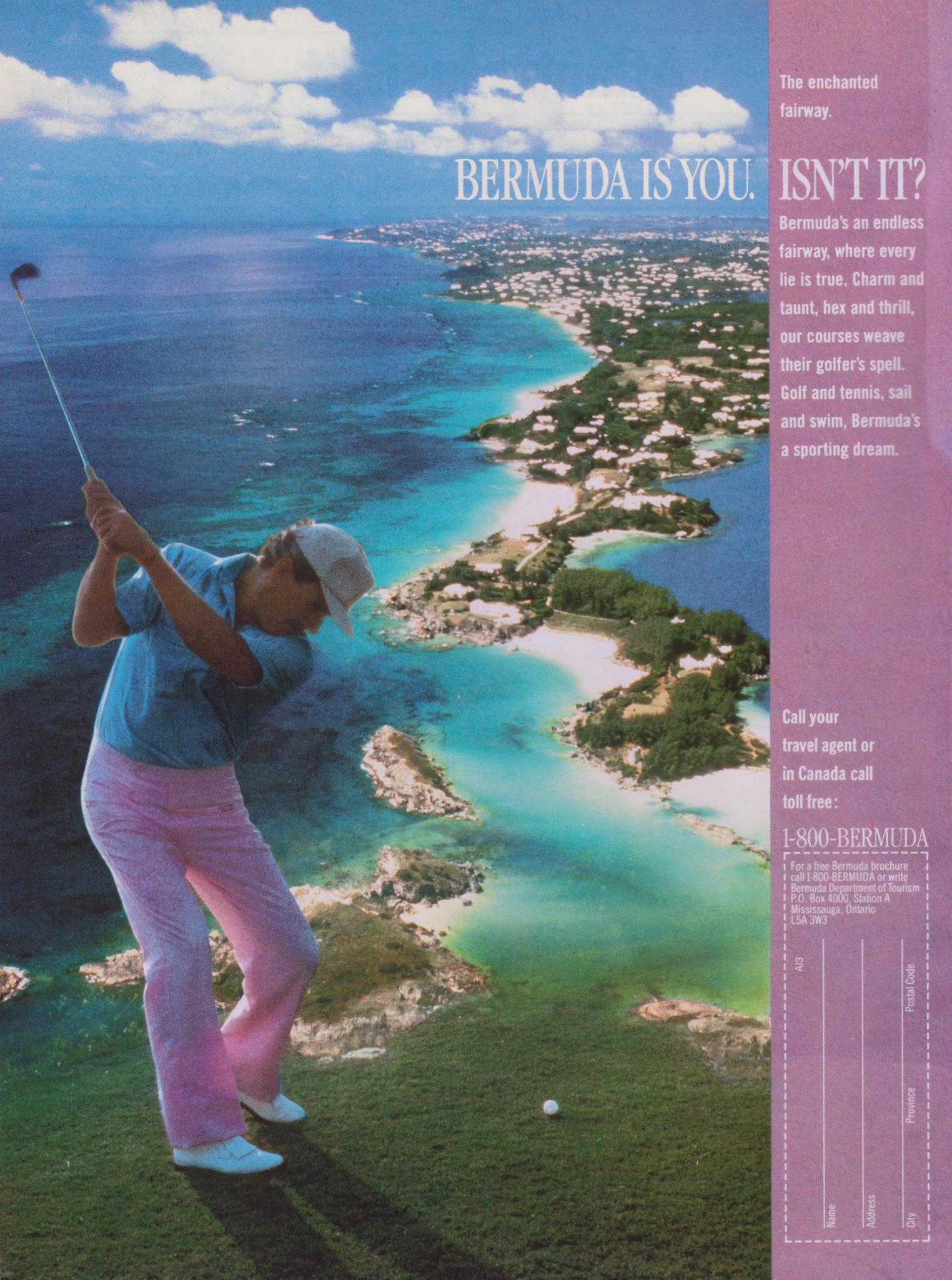
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PUBLISHER'S LETTER

Putting your money to work

Most Canadians have savings put away in bank accounts, government bonds and RRSPs. Most of us have made regular contributions to the government's Canada Pension Plan, and many have additional pension plans at work.

Atlantic Insight readers are active savers and investors. In a reader survey we did a year ago you told us that 60 per cent of you have RRSPs, 41 per cent have investment life policies, 54 per cent have company pension plans, 54 per cent have Canada Savings Bonds, 31 per cent have guaranteed investment certificates, 29 per cent own common shares and 24 per cent own mutual funds.

For most of us, the world of personal investment and finance has proven to be a lot more complicated in the last 12 months than many of us would have expected a year ago.

This time last year, investors in the stock market were tremendously optimistic. Most people were making money, and new stock offerings by small companies as well as large ones were being snapped up. Now the market is seriously down, and few are expecting a recovery to the high levels reached in 1987.

And there are the uncertainties created by a string of failures of banks and trust companies. A year ago, investors in Atlantic Canada were being lured to put their money into the Principal Trust group of companies with promises of high performance and high returns. As the Alberta provincial inquiry into the Principal affair continues, it emerges that the Alberta government had long been aware of some very serious problems with Principal's operations.

Thousands of residents of this part of Canada joined with western Canadians in putting their money into Principal and its various funds and subsidiaries. (Curiously, the provincial regulators of financial institutions in Ontario and Quebec never did allow Principal to do business in their provinces. At the time, it might have looked like an effort by the have-provinces to prevent upstart financial institutions from getting their fair share of the pie in these rich markets. In retrospect, however, it raises questions yet to be answered about the diligence of regulators in this part of the country who did allow Principal to carry on a very active business here.)

Most people who have personal savings to invest for a rainy day or for retirement are thinking of the long term. There are bound to be ups and downs in

the various kinds of investment vehicles available to small investors.

Our new personal finance feature section, which we launch this issue, looks at the options available to Atlantic Canadians who are considering their investment options. There is no shortage of information and advice available in books, magazines and other printed sources, but nowhere else can those of us who live in this part of Canada find articles written with the specifics of our region foremost in mind.

And there are important differences. The legislation governing investments varies from province to province — as the Principal Trust debacle shows all too clearly. There are opportunities available to investors from regionally-based financial institutions in Atlantic Canada that aren't available elsewhere. In Nova Scotia, entrepreneurs are taking advantage of the province's stock savings plan to reduce the money they pay in provincial income tax by investing in the shares of Nova Scotia companies. Some of the popular new investment instruments (one of these is the so-called "ethical mutual investment funds" which invest in companies which follow certain guidelines in their investments) are not as plentiful as in other regions of the country.

Our coverage does raise one point: what about investment vehicles that permit Maritimers and Newfoundlanders to put their money into funds that will be used to earn a reasonable return, and to support the development of this part of the country? We are tremendous savers on a per capita basis, and many people have got quite significant amounts of cash tucked away in RRSPs, bonds and so on. Wouldn't people respond well to a range of opportunities to invest in bonds, mutual funds and other instruments that plough those savings back into this part of the country? Of course some financial institutions do that as a matter of course. But the region's entrepreneurs are well aware of how difficult it often is to find financing for promising ventures.

Perhaps it's time for the people who are in the investment business to develop some new vehicles that would encourage Atlantic Canadians to invest in the future of this part of Canada. If they are already doing so, maybe they should tell the story. There are certainly more ways that those goals of security and return that most investors observe could be combined with something else all of us care about — helping to encourage the development of the economy of our special part of Canada.

— James Lorimer

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FEEDBACK

"Amateur" wrongly used

I'm surprised that so distinguished a writer as Hugh MacLennan does not know the real meaning of the word "amateur" — or misuses it as most people do (*A sound beyond hearing*, December, 1987).

"Amateur" denotes one who practices an art or science for the love of it and for his/her own pleasure. It is most often the amateur musician, painter, dancer, actor or writer who makes it possible for the professional to make a living by attending performances and purchasing books and magazines and works of art. The word should not be used in the pejorative sense or in making a value judgment. Indeed, it has been my experience that many amateurs have a better understanding of the artistic experience than some professionals do!

Pierre Perron
Associate Professor
Music Education
Dalhousie University
Halifax, N.S.

Sharing a lost art

Your December issue was a delight and an enlightenment for me. "Tatting" (**Finding pockets of lacemakers, Feedback**) to me had become a lost art because I was unable to find anyone to whom I could relate and share my many years of experience "working with the shuttle."

A few years ago, through my efforts, the West Coast Regional College here sponsored a course and hired me as instructor, but not enough people were interested.

Because of Emily Storm's commentary, you now have another name for your roster. I appreciate just knowing that there are others around.

Mary Dunphy
Stephenville, Nfld.

Biased reporting

Your article *Different language standards?* (November, 1987) by Carol McLeod is extremely biased in favour of French speaking New Brunswickers.

Your writer does not seem to know that our association opposed the Poirier-Bastarache Report chiefly because it recommended the establishment of "language police," who would be *above all laws*.

And she did not consult us, only the Society of Acadians, in writing about the Salisbury postmistress fiasco.

Different language standards? I'll say! The Society of Acadians was given \$577,000 last year (tax money) to "promote their language and culture," and we were not given one cent!

R.D.H. Bowes, Director
N.B. Association of
English Speaking Canadians

Good to be back home

We are so happy to inform you that we are moving back to our beloved Maritimes. Two Prince Edward Islanders who lived in N.B. for the past eight years, then moved to Toronto last year, are going back home, and we are so happy.

Living up here for a year opened up our eyes to the beauty and friendliness of "Down-Easters." When we lived here we took the beaches, the good seafood, the ease of travelling, the larger building lots, the courtesy of the people, and so many other things for granted. Now when we go back we will take full advantage of all the many charms.

We really enjoy reading your magazine and have subscribed to it from the beginning.

Ross and Donna Montigny
Mississauga, Ont.

Citing inaccuracies

I am writing to tell you that I am very disappointed about your article in the December issue about skiing, *The uphill struggle of the downhill gang gets easier* (December '87). There are several inaccuracies contained in your article. You had the information all wrong for Mont Farlagne. When you mentioned Crabbe

Mountain, there was an error also. To write in your article that Martock is the biggest resort in Atlantic Canada is premature and I would also dare to say, not quite true.

I hope the next article about skiing is researched a little better and is a lot more accurate.

Gilbert Fournier
Director of Operations
Mont Farlagne
Edmundston, N.B.

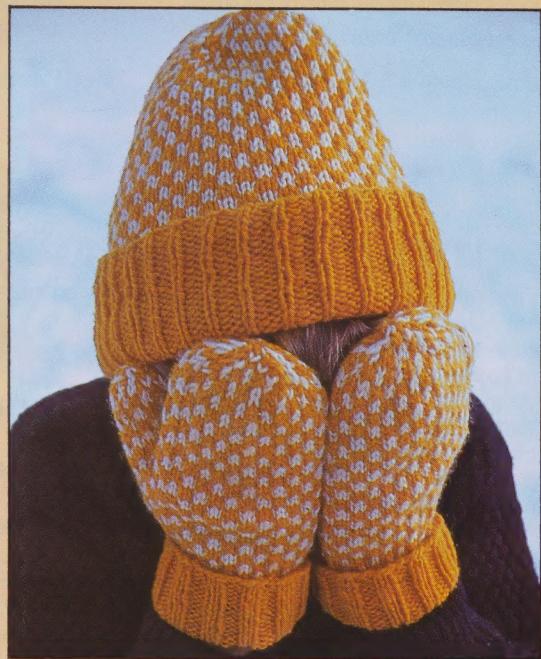
Editor's note: Mr. Fournier acknowledges that the information about Mont Farlagne contained in the skiing chart is correct but the information in the story, quoting the president of the New Brunswick Ski Association, was inaccurate. Mont Farlagne has one double chair lift, one quad chair lift, one pony lift and two t-bars.

In our story, we reported that night skiing and snow-making were added at Crabbe Mountain "last year." In fact, the work was done this winter, 1987/88.

Ski experts point out, as Mr. Fournier agrees, that there are many variables in determining which ski resort is largest and to single out Martock for this distinction was misleading. We apologize.

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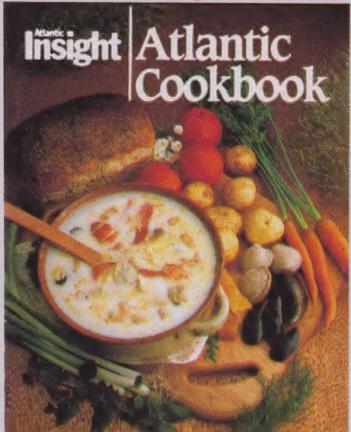
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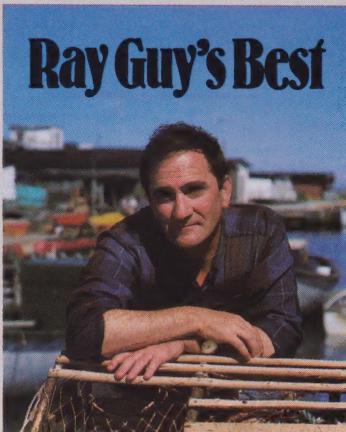
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FEEDBACK

Editor's note: Readers who have given *Atlantic Insight* subscriptions for Christmas presents may have received — last November — a Santagram from us: a reminder that those gifts were running out. Our Santagram was in rhymed couplets.

One reader had this response:

McLeanogram

Dear Atlantic Insight sender

Today I received your cute little ditty. And on reading it over I thought it was witty. It's a shame your office is not on the ball, Or you would not have had to send it at all.

My chequebook tells me I sent a cheque in November. Please wrack your brain — I'm sure you'll remember. Or maybe the Post Office did not come through.

If that is the case, the air here will be blue! If my cheque isn't there, please send as before.

Then let me know, I'll try sending one more! Now if that doesn't work — there is one more solution — I'll drive down to Halifax, that's my New Year's resolution. You'll not lose your money — that I'll guarantee.

I would love to drive down, just you folks to see.

But maybe by January, you'll have your cash, And put an end to this mixed-up hash.

The gift cards you sent are both very pretty. So with these kind words I will end this ditty.

Hoping you all have a wonderful year, And my *Insight* subscriptions are all in the clear.

On behalf of Harold and Richard,

Ian McLean
Sussex, N.B.

Write us a letter

We'd like to hear from you. It's important for us at the magazine to know what our readers think about the news and views that appear in our articles and columns, and we think it's important for you to share your opinions with other readers.

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A recognition of their
dignity as individuals



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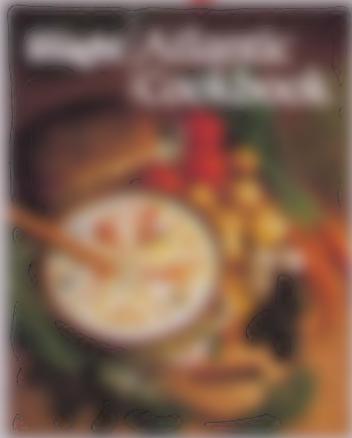
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A recognition of their dignity as individuals

When people with mental handicaps are integrated into the community, satisfaction is felt on all sides

by J. A. Burnett

Never underestimate the ability of a person with a disability. Thanks to the achievements of individuals like Terry Fox or Rick Hansen, Canadians are beginning to take that truth to heart, at least with regard to those who suffer from physical impairments. Until very recently though, our society steadfastly refused to acknowledge that the same principle might apply equally to people whose disability is mental.

In New Brunswick, and quite widely across Canada, a profound shift in social service philosophy is now driving that point home.

Paul LeBlanc heads the New Brunswick Association for Community Living, an organization devoted to helping people with mental handicaps. He explains that for many years it was simply assumed that such people could not function in an ordinary social environment. As a result, they were usually kept at home or institutionalized. Those who were categorized as trainable might be kept busy with simple activities in sheltered workshops.

"In theory," says LeBlanc, "the sheltered workshop was intended to prepare the individual for life in the wider community. In fact, that objective was seldom realized. In spite of the best of intentions, the workshops became part of a self-perpetuating system. They provided good care, but achieved little or no progress.

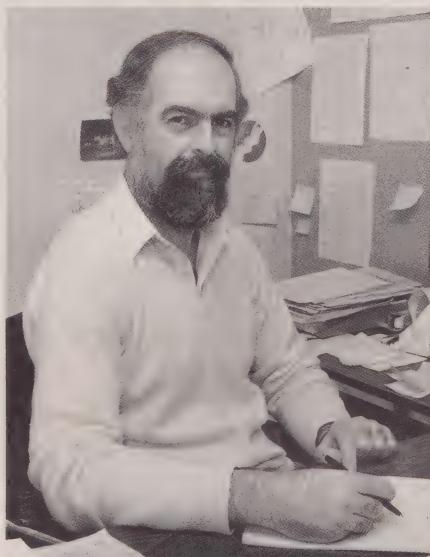
"Now," he continues, "society is moving to the realization that, with adequate support systems, many people with mental handicaps can indeed function in the larger community as valued, contributing members."

Brad Slauenwhite is the executive director of a voluntary agency in Fredericton called Jobs Unlimited. Until four years ago, he was firmly convinced that what he now calls "warehousing" was the only constructive and humane way to care for the mentally handicapped. Indeed, in November, 1983, when his board directed him to find ways of integrating the men and women served by his organization into jobs in the wider community, he resisted.

The board was adamant, and Slauenwhite began his search, convinced that he would not find one employer in Fredericton who was ready to take such a gamble. On the first day he found four.

Since that first day, a total of 80 in-

dividuals with moderate to severe mental handicaps have been placed in full or part-time situations through Jobs Unlimited. Where before the agency had worked with 30 people, it now provides vocational services for over 100. The jobs are often part-time, and in many cases the pay may be little more than a nominal stipend, but that is almost beside the point. The important thing is that people who were



LeBlanc: recent progress has been significant once written off as hopeless are now participating in society at levels far beyond their wildest dreams.

The professionals had been underestimating the potential of the people in their care. It was an easy mistake. Like everyone else, people with mental handicaps learn social skills by emulating others. As long as the sheltered workshop isolated them from the experience of ordinary community life, they had few outside role models to emulate, and therefore, in matters of language, dress and behaviour, little opportunity to demonstrate improvement.

Within a few months of their being placed in work situations within the community, important changes became evident. Individuals who had been thought inarticulate began using words and phrases; communication increased in both quality and sophistication. Their clothing preferences became more mature as they followed the example of their workmates.

"Progress has been very significant over the past two years," says LeBlanc. "Where previously some of the workshops resisted vigorously, now they're not talking about whether to promote this philosophy, but about how."

While Moncton, Saint John and Bathurst have active vocational programs, the trend is by no means limited to cities. One of the earliest programs for encouraging community employment was established in Woodstock. Others are found in small towns such as Buctouche and Tracadie. In Shédiac, 90 per cent of the people served have been placed in jobs on at least a part-time basis, and some centres report that they have more job opportunities than people to fill them.

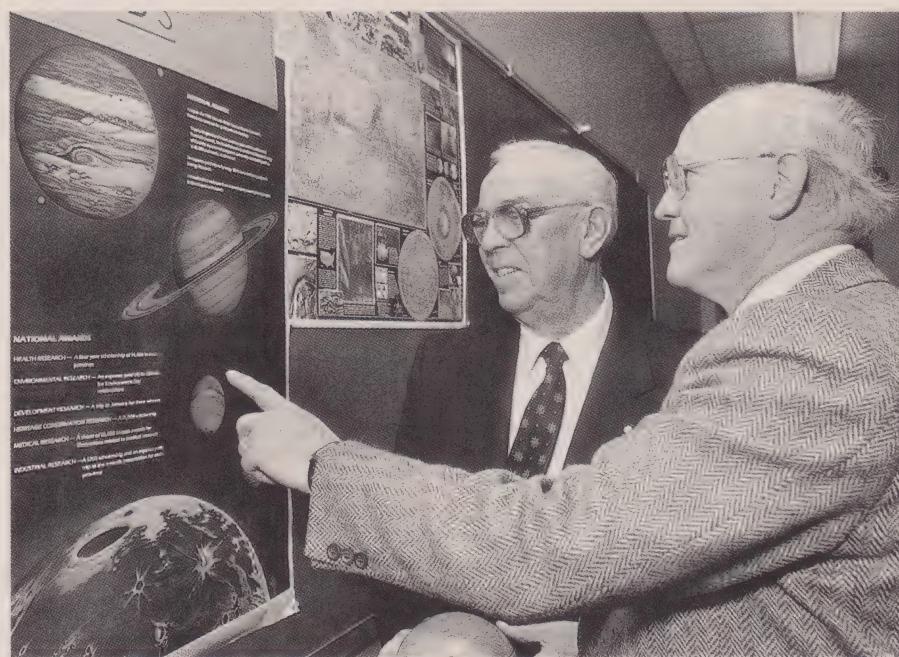
One key to the success of this transition lies in careful preparation and support of the individual and of the employer.

While people with mental handicaps are able to do a lot more than had been supposed, their handicaps are genuine. Months may have been devoted to on-site training in the simplest of jobs: photocopying, tree-planting, clearing tables or janitorial work. Social skills, such as asking for information, using a telephone, or riding a bus may have to be developed as well. Employers and co-workers are invited to become involved in the process, not only to help with job training but to ensure that the person coming into the new job will have the reassurance of friendship and familiar faces to relate to at work.

John Bout is general manager of Moncton Community Residences Inc. (MCRI), a non-profit agency dedicated to providing mentally handicapped adults with housing in the community. He subscribes to similar aims, with regard to living situations, as Brad Slauenwhite does in the vocational field. At present, MCRI provides accommodation for a total of 75 people. Some of them live in group homes with live-in staff to provide care. An increasing number, however, live in apartments where they have considerable independence, albeit backed up by a daily visit from a staff member.

Bout, too, has found the community, as a rule, to be very supportive. When landlords and neighbours know that they can call for staff assistance if a problem arises, they usually cooperate willingly. In at least one participating apartment block the superintendent has become an active friend, advocate and counsellor for the residents.

It is that sort of person-to-person response that will ultimately determine the success of the movement towards community living. For everyone, acceptance, friendship and respect are vital components of self-esteem. For men and women with mental handicaps they represent more — a new-found recognition of their dignity as persons.



OWEN FITZGERALD

Victor Coffin, left, and Dr. Arseneau want the foundation to promote peaceful use of space

Space foundation picking up steam in Cape Breton

An idea that first surfaced in 1962 is being revived and proponents want an international space agency set up in C.B.

by Silver Donald Cameron
Space research in Baddeck? What is this: Cape Breton or Cape Canaveral? The idea behind the Cape Breton International Space Foundation goes back to 1962, when Adlai Stevenson — then United States Ambassador to the United Nations — proposed that astronaut John Glenn and cosmonaut Yuri Gagarin jointly head a co-operative space venture involving both the U.S. and the Soviet Union.

Sydney Board of Trade chairperson Victor Coffin read about the proposal, and fired off a letter to Stevenson commending the idea and suggesting the venture be located in Cape Breton. The island, Coffin noted, had all the necessary infrastructure — highways, rail links, airport — as well as a temperate climate and inexpensive land. The island also has a modest history of high-tech and science, chiefly because of Alexander Graham Bell and Guglielmo Marconi.

Stevenson responded diplomatically, and in Ottawa, Howard Green, then Minister of External Affairs, termed the idea "interesting." But the Cuban missile crisis soon chilled the atmosphere and killed the proposal.

Since then, both nations have made great strides in space, and the world has

become accustomed to interplanetary probes, manned space flight and rocket shots through comets. Canada's own space industry boasts such achievements as the Canadarm and various communications satellites — and, indeed, space research may be emerging as a federal priority. One example: the Space Division of the National Research Council is developing such initiatives as the User Development Program to support the commercial exploitation of space.

After waiting patiently for a quarter of a century, Victor Coffin and some kindred spirits recently sniffed the air, found it good, and floated their idea again, appropriately modified for a new era. The Foundation enlisted the support of Cape Breton's leading political figures: its 29 members now include Senators Al Graham, Robert Muir, Allan MacEachen and Lowell Murray; MPs Russel MacLellan, Dave Dingwall and Lawrence O'Neill; and Nova Scotia Opposition Leader Vince MacLean.

Coffin, now chairperson of the foundation, says the group's objective is "to encourage peaceful space development and to enhance Cape Breton's image." A Foundation press release says its purpose is "to create on the island of Cape Breton a comprehensive international facility for

research and development by the world community to expedite progress in the employment of space for the benefit of mankind."

The first step would be a series of workshops and scientific conferences on space-related topics, funded by the federal government and the United Nations.

Such conferences are no novelty in Cape Breton, says Dr. J. William McGowan, Director of Ottawa's National Museum of Science and Technology. McGowan has already organized conferences in Baddeck on such rarified subjects as Electro-ion Collision and New Techniques for Studying the Microworld.

In the long term, says executive secretary, Dr. Donald Arseneau, "we want to acquire space research facilities or spinoff industries." Arseneau believes that the information and communications businesses are particularly promising and he notes that the venture would also boost the tourist industry.

Dr. McGowan heartily agrees.

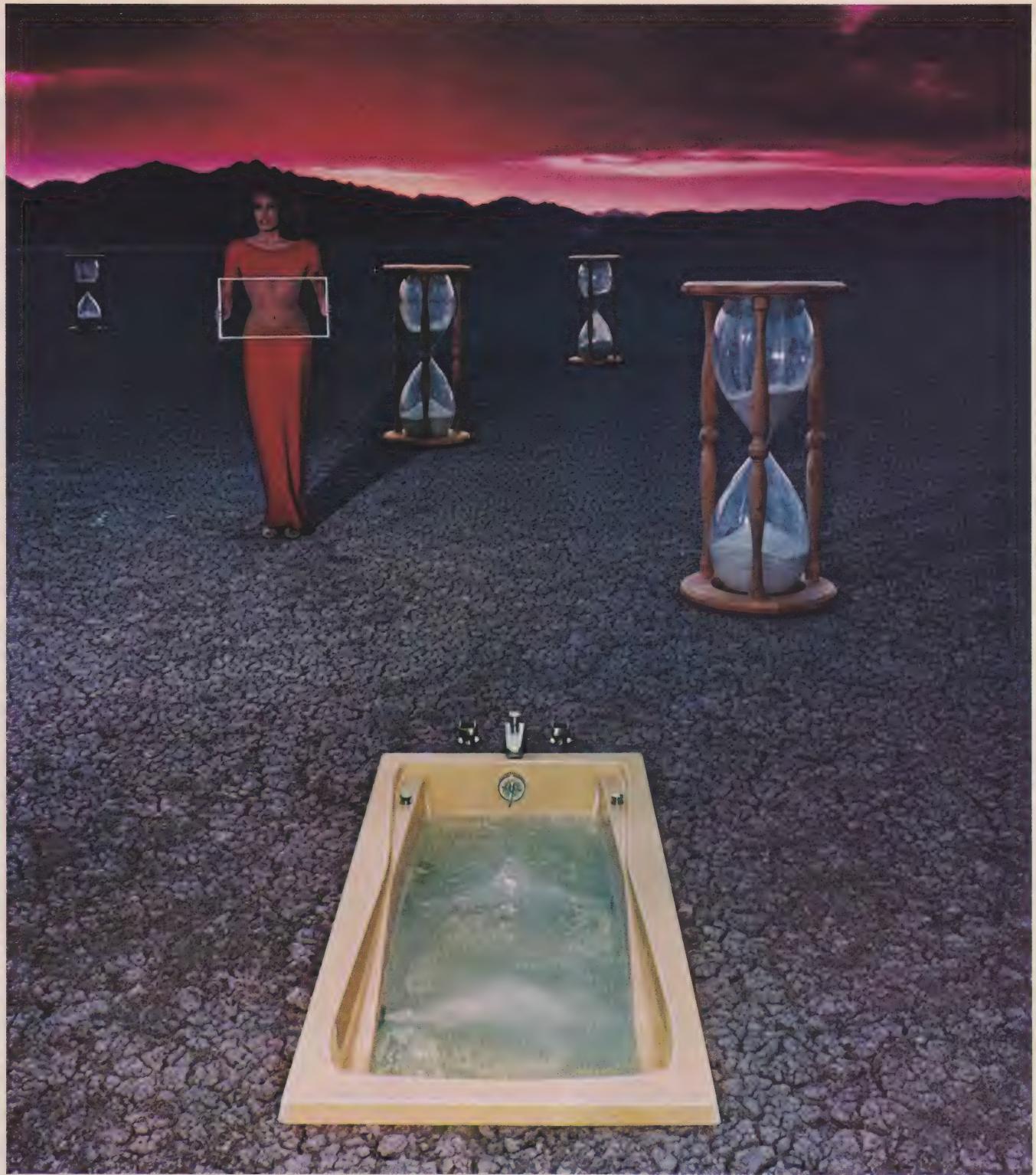
"Scientists love Cape Breton," he says. "They're attracted by its multi-lingual and multi-cultural environment. They want a peaceful place where they can talk. In fact, for some NATO conferences, it is a condition that they be held away from a city. In Cape Breton scientists can sail, hike, swim and get to know each other."

But politicians, not scientists, will make the crucial decisions. "We have to be careful as to how the proposal is perceived," cautions Arseneau. "We have to emphasize we're talking about peaceful space research. If governments perceive we're shouting 'peace in space,' then they'll likely not be pleased. They'd probably not appreciate the Cape Breton International Space Foundation telling them how to behave."

One encouraging feature: the Foundation is *not* looking for a lot of money. "Once the scientists are here, we plan to use volunteers to provide transportation and accommodation," Coffin points out. But the Foundation is seeking seed funding from the provincial department of development to set up an office, hire a secretary and pay for phone calls.

Arseneau and other Foundation members recently visited Ottawa to discuss the plan with officials at External Affairs, pointing out that all the advantages listed by Victor Coffin in 1962 are still pertinent. In addition, the island now has a degree-granting university, the Canadian Coast Guard College, a Canadian Forces base and a supercomputer.

Echoing Howard Green, Joe Clark described the proposal as "interesting." Just *how* interesting remains to be seen. Like so much else in Cape Breton, the future of the Cape Breton International Space Foundation depends on attitudes in Ottawa.



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Islanders remain firmly buckled-up despite petition

Robert MacIntyre says he isn't against seat belts in all circumstances but he's against the mandatory nature of the law

by Jim Brown

On a late September afternoon in 1986, Robert MacIntyre, a Montague carpenter, was driving home from work in his wife's 1976 Plymouth when a red dot lit up in the speedometer section of the dashboard. At about the same time as the light appeared, MacIntyre noticed a funny smell and, rolling down the car window, he couldn't tell if it was coming from inside the vehicle or out. Everything after that happened very quickly.

"I thought I noticed a little shot of flame under the dash," MacIntyre recalled, "but I thought it must be my imagination. Then, all of a sudden, the red dot almost exploded right across the speedometer. It wasn't a flame, just a bright red glow. Then a shot of flame came out from under the dash, near the driver's door. I reached for the door handle and it was hot. I jammed on the brakes and the car instantly filled with rancid smoke. I turned the ignition off and at the same time — I was just about in the stopped position — I reached for the passenger door and the handle wouldn't open. The lock was down so I pulled the lock button, opened the door and got out."

"I started to slam the door behind me and the car exploded. The door hit me and drove me headlong into the ditch by the road."

When MacIntyre rolled over in the ditch and looked back at his wife's car, every window had been blown out from the force of the blast and the vehicle was engulfed in flame. "I couldn't believe a car could burn that fast. Before the fire department got there, there was nothing left of it," he said.

Following the accident, Robert MacIntyre did a lot of thinking about his brush with death, and the conclusion he reached was that had he been wearing a seat belt, he would have burned up with the car. "If I had a seat belt on, if I had one more thing to think about doing, I wouldn't have got out of that car alive," he says.

During last spring's sitting of the Provincial Legislature, P.E.I. joined the rest of Canada in making the use of seat belts mandatory.

Since the day it was announced, the seat belt law has come under fire as an example of government interference in, what is considered by many, a matter of

personal choice.

In September, MacIntyre began circulating a petition opposing the law in the Montague area. He was convinced that most Islanders felt the same way he did and he intended to prove it. MacIntyre stresses that he isn't opposed to seat belts, only their enforced use. "There's obvious evidence that they do save some lives, but there's also obvious evidence that they do kill some people. Use them if you like them, but leave them if you don't," he says.

The response to his petition was overwhelming. Within the first week approximately 2,000 signatures were collected in the Montague area alone and requests



JIM BROWN

MacIntyre: people should have a choice when it comes to seatbelt use

for copies of the petition were coming in from all across the Island. MacIntyre placed ads in two Island newspapers containing facsimiles of the petition with spaces for five names and as the campaign picked up steam, volunteers began calling MacIntyre with offers of assistance. Within a couple of weeks, petitioners were criss-crossing the back roads of the province, from Souris to Tignish, collecting names in restaurants, gas stations and grocery stores and by the end of November, 17,000 Islanders had signed the piece of paper that said seat belts should be a matter of choice, not law.

According to the campaigners, many more Islanders agreed with the petition but chose, for a variety of reasons, not to sign. Some were "scared to put their name down in black and white," some felt that it wouldn't do any good, and some saw it as a vote against their party. One petitioner told the story of a man who, after being stopped twice in one day by

the RCMP for not wearing his seat belt, pulled into a gas station and began complaining to the attendant about the new law. "Sign the petition then," the attendant said. "I can't sign that," the man replied, "I'm a strong Liberal." The consensus among the petitioners was that about 90 per cent of the people they spoke to opposed enforced seat belt use.

Not all Islanders agreed with MacIntyre's position however, and as his petition began making news and throwing a brighter spotlight on the seat belt controversy, more and more dissenting opinions began to surface. William Dalziel owns and operates a body shop in Charlottetown. He says that in his 20 years of experience he has yet to talk to anyone who has had a serious accident who denounces seat belts. "What I can't understand is why 17,000 people would sign that thing. Some of them must have children or grandchildren. The safest place for a human being is inside the car," he said.

On Dec. 4, with the support of 17,000 Islanders tucked under his arm, Robert MacIntyre and his volunteer petitioners

presented their case to Premier Joe Ghiz. After a short meeting described by both sides as "polite," Premier Ghiz made an announcement to the media that surprised no one, including MacIntyre: the law would remain.

In an interview following the meeting Ghiz called MacIntyre's campaign "the essence of democracy" and said that, while he respected his opinion and appreciated the work that had gone into circulating the petition, the government would not be backing down. "We will not be changing the legislation," he said.

Ghiz said the seat belt law was introduced after an intense lobbying effort by the health care field and it had received the support of both parties in the house. "I felt the time had come to move and the overwhelming statistical evidence was that seat belts not only save lives, but bring down health care costs as well. Saving lives is the most important thing," he said.

For MacIntyre the battle may have been lost, but the war isn't over. He remains convinced that most Islanders want to make their own choice about seat belts and he intends to continue to put pressure on legislators to change the law. Failing that, he says he'll try to put the seat belt question on the ballot in the next provincial election.

Dream of securing Newfoundland's history

Financial setbacks that threatened Joey Smallwood's dream of recording the history of his native province have been removed

by Margot Bruce

When a sheriff showed up at Joseph R. Smallwood's door last year to serve a writ for the \$176,161 owed to Cairn Capital Inc., it was an embarrassing moment for the man who had brought Newfoundland into Confederation. But at the same time it triggered off a series of events which will make it possible to complete his *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador*.

Smallwood served as Newfoundland's first premier and held the post for 22 years. When he left the House of Assembly, he took up his pen full time and in 1979 he undertook a monumental task, publishing the *Encyclopedia of Newfoundland and Labrador* in five volumes. The first volume, A to E, was on the market in 1981 and sold moderately, but he lost money on it, and when the time came to publish Volume II, he had to borrow against his retirement income, pensions and royalties from his book, *I Chose Canada*.

Financial setbacks didn't stop the living legend, but in 1984 before he had a chance to do much with Volume III, he suffered a stroke and suddenly the man who was infamous for his ability to speak for hours without a note or a break, was speechless. He was also partially paralyzed on the right side and for a while Volume III was on hold. Unfortunately Cairn Capital was not on hold and the company responsible for printing Volume I was anxious to collect money owed to them by Newfoundland Book Publishers (1967) Ltd., a small company Smallwood had personally secured.

In August 1986, Cairn Capital placed Smallwood's company in receivership and five months later they had a writ served against him for the debts incurred by Newfoundland Book Publishers (1967) Ltd.

When the media flashed pictures of a frail 86-year-old Smallwood opening his door to the sheriff, Newfoundlanders put aside their political opinions and supported the last surviving "Father of Confederation" with letters, calls and money. Canadians from as far away as British Columbia responded, as did country singer Tommy Hunter who was ready to help any way he could.

"When people saw on the news that a writ had been served to grand-

father it was total madness here on Roche's Line (Smallwood's home)," says granddaughter Dale Russell-FitzPatrick. "Mailboxes were stuffed everyday with letters of support and cheques. People would see family members at places like the grocery store and say, 'Sorry to hear about your grandfather,' or 'Sorry to hear about your uncle, will you give him this?' It was really quite emotional and overwhelming."

At that time at least three separate groups were collecting funds for — Joey Aid. Without any encouragement, people in Western Newfoundland started phoning Humber Valley Broadcasting Outlet to show their support and in one day \$16,348.97 was pledged.

Rich heritage and culture should not go unrecorded

In the meantime, Smallwood's son Bill took out a mortgage of \$90,000 on his home and settled the debt with Cairn Capital, cleaning Joey's slate with the printers.

On March 19, the Joseph R. Smallwood Heritage Foundation was incorporated and everyone who was interested in helping the Encyclopedia project joined forces. The Foundation received charitable status in August and it was retroactive to the date of incorporation. In October, Smallwood sold the remaining research materials, master lists and copyrights to the Foundation for \$1. As part of the deal, he gave remaining copies of the first two volumes and royalties from their sale will be paid to Newfoundland Book Publishers.

At that time his granddaughter, who

is also business manager for the Foundation, read Joseph Smallwood's statement to the press.

"Today is a proud and historic day in my life. I have had a number of these days over the past 40 years of public service to this province ... I am confident that this Foundation will see this project all the way to 'Z' by creating the means by which this worthwhile project will be completed for every Newfoundland and Canadian to benefit from all its collected knowledge."

A month later well-known Newfoundland actor/writer Gordon Pinsent was in town to become the honorary chairperson and to name the board of directors for the Foundation.

"I'm honoured to be part of this worthy cause to complete Mr. Smallwood's dream of this province's own encyclopedia," said Gordon Pinsent. "The rich heritage and culture that we share should not go unrecorded any longer."

The Bank of Montreal and the Bank of Nova Scotia have made it possible for people to make donations to the Smallwood Heritage Foundation at their local branch anywhere in Canada.

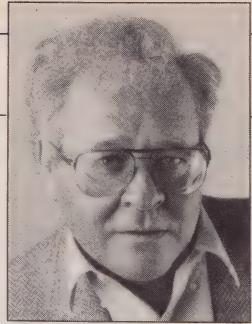
The Board hopes to have Volume III finished by the summer of 1989. Originally Smallwood had predicted that the whole project would be completed in 1989. The undertaking will cost approximately \$3 million. Half of that has to be raised through public donations, the rest will be recovered from the sale of the books. The province has pledged \$25,000 in support for each of three years, and the foundation already has more than \$100,000 from early donations.

Fundraising begins in earnest this year with one of the biggest events to be hosted by Tommy Hunter. He attended the first board meeting in late November and offered to do whatever would be best for the Foundation — a benefit concert, a series of concerts or a telethon. Hunter first heard of Smallwood's plight while watching the news and he immediately contacted the family to offer his services.

"When grandfather was given the Order of Canada medal (1986), an interviewer asked me, 'What do you think would be the most fitting thing that could be done for your grandfather?' and I said, to see the Encyclopedia project completed or begun to be completed while he's still alive," says his granddaughter.

It seems Smallwood will see his dream come true, not only to have the Encyclopedias completed, but as he put it in an interview years ago:

"I'll always remember what Churchill told me. He said, 'History will speak well of me, I know it will because I will write it.' History will speak well of me too."



Marketing bunk to tourists

Ever since moving to Nova Scotia 15 years ago, I've been reading relentless bumpf about how the tourism industry is the last, best hope for the economically gasping Atlantic region. Some see it as an even greater panacea than offshore oil and gas, and the 1987 *Report of the Select Committee on Tourism* in Nova Scotia burbled, "Few industries offer to our Province the potential for job creation and economic development of tourism. Currently, this valuable industry employs some 28,000 individuals and brings in direct and indirect revenues of over \$600,000,000 annually."

Year after year, in all four Atlantic provinces, we get similar self-serving stuff not only from bureaucrats whose jobs depend on the public money that finances the pounding of tourism drums, but also from their potential bosses, from hotel proprietors, town boosters, assorted alliances of folks who make bucks out of visitors, and all sizes and shapes of people speaking for the, ugh, "hospitality industry."

Who invented that revolting term anyway? It comes dangerously close to "courtesy racket," or even "love profession." That might strike some as apt. Some are so nasty as to suggest that tourism is a blood brother to whoredom. Speaking of tourists, *New Maritimes*, a leftist monthly out of Enfield, N.S., says, "We want them because they bring money. The tourist exists for us, not as a person in his or her own right, but merely as a means to an end — our economic survival; and we exist, in turn, for the tourists, as a series of sights, thrills, and sensations — a means to an end of regenerating their shattered nerves. Tourism, on both sides, can reduce relations between human beings to relations between objects. At its worst, it comes to resemble a form of prostitution."

The remarks in the *New Maritimes* appeared in a 5,000-word dissection of the methods, goals and whole philosophy of government tourism promotion in the Maritimes, and the attack was a feisty, spicy, informed example of why every society needs an alternative press. What mainstream publication would devote four solid pages to kicking the bejesus out of an industry that creates jobs, sucks in federal money, offers financial irrigation to struggling villages, and unlike coal-fired generating plants, paper mills and insecticides, leaves the environment pristine?

The magazine's editorial was scathing,

and assuming tourism bureaucrats ever stick their faces into such an obscure and disrespectful periodical, it surely turned some of them purple with indignation. The piece bristled with statements that the industry sees as vicious heresies. For instance, tourism in Atlantic Canada does not promise steady jobs for the future, and it's a lousy bet as a growth industry. After 40 years of expansion, international tourism is about to undergo what stockbrokers euphemistically describe as "a correction." In the 1990s it'll level off, or even shrink, "and only ever-heavier investments of public money will keep operators afloat in what has become a buyer's market. The likeliest outcome is alternating cycles of overexpansion and crisis, in which the smaller and less profitable operators go to the wall." Tourism boosters agree that, by comparison to

The tourist exists as a means to an end — our economic survival

natural-resource industries, tourism is a Gibraltar of reliability, but *New Maritimes* disagrees: "Like Nova Scotia's offshore gas, the resource (tourism) is marginal in world terms and its attractiveness on the market depends on factors over which the region has no control."

One has barely recovered from reading this terrible irreverence, that our tourism potential is merely marginal, when one comes upon treason: "Our scenery ... is hard to sell to Americans. Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont are just as pretty — and much easier to get to." Things get worse. Tourists know that our "mass-produced and stereotyped 'folk art,' town criers and historical pageants ... are not genuinely rooted in our history, and are little different from other tourist commodities the world over."

New Maritimes wonders why well-heeled tourists — the ones tourism planners most want to net — would come to Nova Scotia to experience an ersatz Scotland or an ersatz France when they

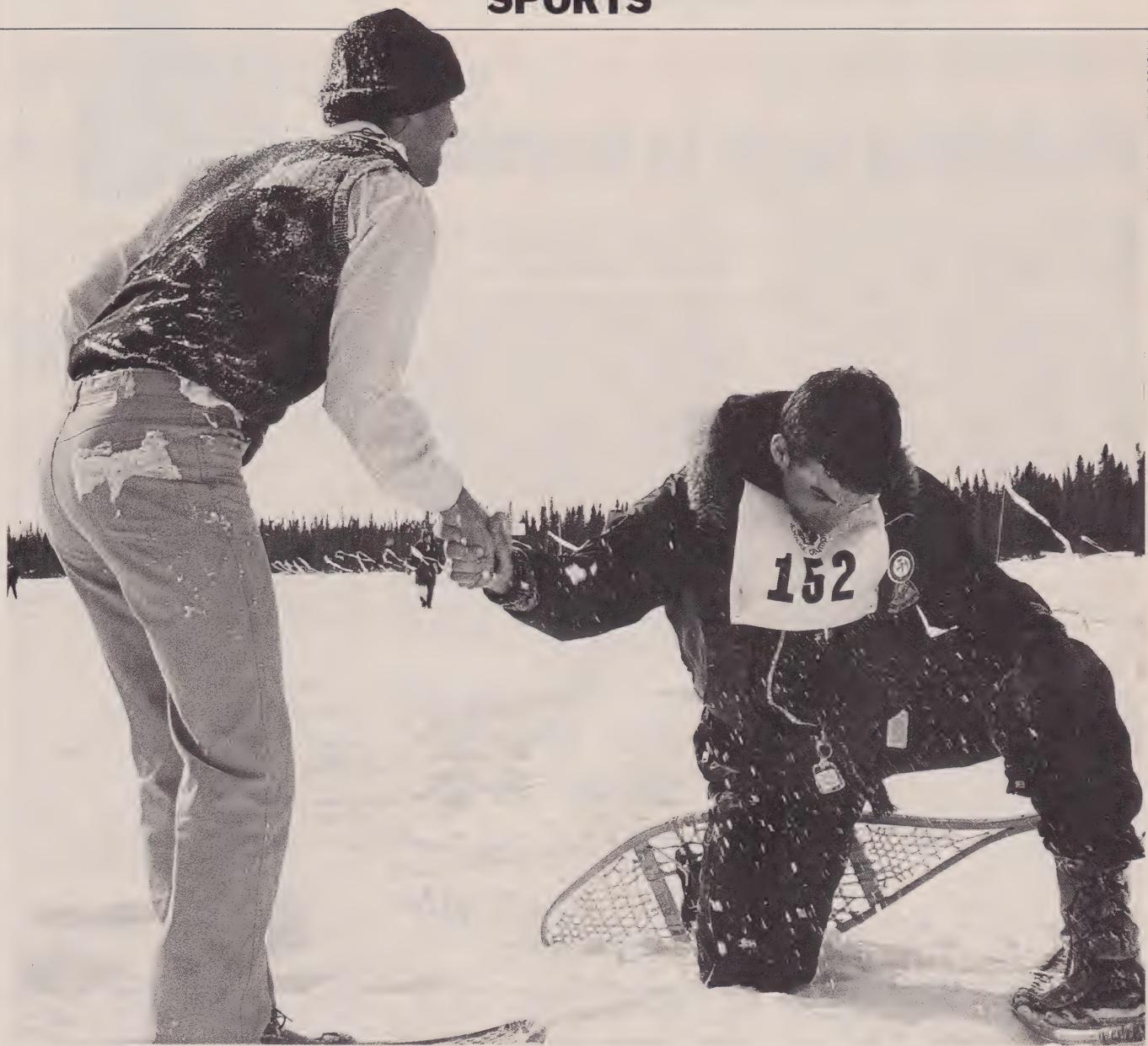
could just as easily get the real thing by stepping off a jetliner at Prestwick or Orly. Why would anyone who wanted to savour city life pass up London, Montreal, Boston and New York for Halifax? We can't sell the famous four S's — surf, sand, sun and sex — better than Ontario, or as well as Florida. In short, if we put together our climate, our scenery, our culture, our natural folk and our Old World customs, we still haven't got a package that's going to knock the socks off the world market in tourism.

Some readers doubtless found the *New Maritimes* attack hysterical, but I thought it raised profound and surprising questions. I say surprising because the monthly is leftist, and while leftists traditionally support state control of the economy, it's the state that *New Maritimes* sees as the really evil force in the distortion of history to gratify tourism. In addition to lobster, tourists gobble digestible stereotypes, and absorb simple spectacles staged for their entertainment.

"What happens when these stereotypes gain currency as truthful depictions of history?" *New Maritimes* asks. "As these stereotypes come to influence more and more community events, will we become, in some strange post-modern sense, tourists in our own region, unable to digest more than bland, cardboard images of ourselves and our history? What happens to our sense of ourselves and our history? What happens to our sense of the past, when the state is given the opportunity to rewrite and repackage history to suit the tastes of the travelling public?"

New Maritimes gets brutally specific about the Nova Scotia Tattoo in Halifax. The Tattoo is a triumph of both military showbiz, and the military's skill at enlisting civilian enthusiasm in the production of an extravaganza. But even back in 1981, when I celebrated its technical excellence here in *Atlantic Insight*, something about it irritated me. Now, *New Maritimes* has fingered the irritant: "Is there not something vaguely Orwellian about a situation in which the state directly organizes and determines the experience of the past, giving us its own interpretation of 'our story' and 'our history' in the form of massive and expensive public spectacles?"

Such questions may seem overwrought, but I'm glad *New Maritimes* asked them out loud. Nobody else did, and if the unexamined life is not worth living, surely the unexamined tourism policy is not worth supporting. ☐



Special effort mounted by host city of winter games

Volunteers in the community of Edmundston, N.B. have responded with enthusiasm and overwhelming support for the winter games

by Dan Toner

In 1985 the city of Edmundston received a challenge. Next month, 220 athletes, almost 400 volunteers and crowds of spectators will be a part of the fulfilment of that challenge. The first Special Olympics National Winter Games to be staged will unfold here.

Mentally handicapped athletes from every province and the Yukon will compete in figure and speed skating as well as in alpine and cross-country skiing.

They'll also compete in the games' demonstration sport of snowshoeing.

It's been a long time in the making but the board of directors, staff and volunteers of the local organizing team, Edmundston 1988, are getting excited as they see the final pieces falling into place for the March 7 to 11 event.

"We had a dry run in January where we went over everything, right down to the parking arrangements," says Max Zaichick, president of the games board

of directors. "It was kind of like getting everyone in a large family together."

Zaichick, a city businessperson, became involved in the organizing efforts back when the city council decided to put together a bid for these first Special Olympics National Winter Games.

The idea was first proposed by Anne-Marie Gammon, then president of the New Brunswick Special Olympics who thought that on the strength of two previous successful provincial games hosted there, Edmundston was ready for the challenge of the national games.

The city liked the idea and formed an organizing committee. The momentum snowballed with the full backing of city council and the added incentive of a pledge of \$40,000 for the games from the United Commercial Travellers.

The provincial association was quick to endorse the bid but even though there were no competing offers, the national

association took its time and only granted its approval in October of 1986. The official announcement was made in February '87.

A tripartite agreement was signed between Edmundston 1988, New Brunswick Special Olympics and the Canadian Special Olympics. The provincial and national groups are providing both funds and expertise. "As with the organizing committee, we've relied heavily upon their experience and expertise," says Margo Turpin, executive director of the games.

The city and provincial government have contributed funds, the federal government provided a job creation grant to cover the operating costs for the full-time organizing staff and a host of corporate and service group sponsors have responded with donations.

An 11-person board of directors headed by Zaichick, leads the legions of volunteers serving on some 20 committees. "We wanted to put together as professional a team as possible so we recruited committee heads with experience with sport or community organizations," says Zaichick. "We sought out people with expertise and left it largely to them to recruit the people they need for their committees. Later we recruited volunteers at large. The response has been tremendous. No one has refused."

Turpin echoes Zaichick's appraisal. "We have close to 400 volunteers in a community of 13,000," she says. "The enthusiasm is there. People want to get involved and do their part whether it's spending three hours at a kiosk during the games or chairing a committee for months leading up to them, they want to do something."

In the course of her work, Turpin has become practised in exploding the many myths people tend to hold about the Special Olympics.

"We're talking about mentally handicapped athletes, not persons who are physically disabled, but many people don't seem to understand that," says Turpin. "There's always someone wanting to know if Rick Hansen will be at the games." Another misconception is that all the participants are "kids." Some are, but the games are for athletes from 12 and up and a large number are adults.

Perhaps the most common mistaken assumption is that the competitions themselves are not real, that they are relaxed, casual affairs where no one is disqualified for straying off the course

and where everyone is declared a winner.

"The participants at the games have trained for this, most have attended provincial competitions and the events themselves are run like any national competition would be," Turpin says. "The main challenge is the training of the volunteers to get them to accept the participants as athletes."

"There are no special rules or procedures," she says. "The same rules apply as they would at other competitions." To drive this point home, she slid a piece of paper with the Special Olympics motto across her desk. The motto, which the athletes recite before the competition is, "Let me win, but if I cannot win, let me be brave in the attempt."

One other myth Turpin takes pains to debunk is the belief that the Special Olympics "is" the provincial, national or international games. "The Special Olympics is sport, fitness and recreation for people who are mentally handicapped," she says. "It's an ongoing program with athletes training, practicing and competing on a daily basis in their local communities."

The games are the attention-getting parts of the program, however, and organizers have lined up an elaborate opening ceremony showcasing regional talent and a special series of activities for the parents of the athletes.

The athletes will arrive on March 7 for registration and competitions start the next day and continue through Thursday. At the opening ceremonies, the internationally renowned Royal Canadian Regiment Band will perform, as will a local choir, folk dance group, a renowned local dancer, and representatives of the local rhythmic gymnastics club who will perform a routine with eight special athletes who have prepared especially for the event.

The three alpine skiing competitions will take place at Mont Farlagne in nearby St. Jacques, the six cross-country ski events take place at the Edmundston Golf Course, and the speed and figure skating will take place at the City Forum.

Up to 200 parents of athletes are expected to attend the games but organizers are also encouraging the people here to get out and see what the games are all about. "We're presenting this as an opportunity to view the Special Olympics competitions," says Turpin. "We want the athletes to be encouraged by a large and supportive crowd."



The rules are tough and the competition stiff

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Atlantic Insight RECIPE CONTEST

Atlantic Insight has good news... and great news!

The good news was the success of last year's *Atlantic Insight Recipe Contest*. Twelve lucky cooks flew Air Nova and stayed at the CP Prince Edward Hotel & Convention Centre in Charlottetown, P.E.I. They prepared their winning recipes in the kitchens of the Culinary Institute of Canada, Holland College. The twelve lucky finalists were also given the

opportunity to meet cooks from other parts of Atlantic Canada, compare notes, and observe each other at work. The whole weekend was capped off with a dinner at the Culinary Institute's Lucy Maud Dining Room (with students preparing and serving the meal), and the announcement of the contest's winner — Lindy Guild of Mahone Bay, N.S., and her Seafood Picnic Pie.

The great news is, we're doing it again! Share with us your treasured family recipes that feature produce from the

Atlantic region. The fields and streams, rivers and ocean of Atlantic Canada are rich in the ingredients that have made family recipes such a hit at Maritime dinner tables for so long. Share our celebration of Atlantic Canada's bountiful resources, and at the same time enter to win a cook's dream weekend AND valuable prizes.

Send us your recipes, and some of the history that surrounds them, soon — deadline is February 10, 1988.



RULES AND REGULATIONS

1. Recipe must feature and identify at least one ingredient grown or produced in Atlantic Canada.

2. Each entry must be accompanied by a brief description of the heritage, ethnic origin or history of the recipe (at least 50 words).

3. Recipe must be original or one you have adapted.

4. Entry must state appropriate food category (see categories listed).

5. Please supply either imperial or metric measure.



6. All entries become the property of Insight Publishing Limited and will not be returned. We may modify entry as appropriate for publication.

7. Recipe must not contain brand names.

8. Entries should be postmarked no later than February 10, 1988.

9. Enter as many recipes as you wish. Each entry must be accompanied by a separate entry form or facsimile for eligibility.



This collection of fine Paderno stainless steel cookware, made right here in Atlantic Canada by Padinox of Charlottetown, will be given to the second prize winner of our recipe contest.

10. Decision of the judges is final.

11. Contest is open to any Canadian resident, except employees of Insight Publishing, or sponsors of the contest and their employees.

DEADLINE FOR ENTRIES IS FEBRUARY 10, 1988

Send entries to:
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Halifax, N.S. B3J 2A2



First prize is a four person setting, five piece set of Royal Doulton "Albany" china retail value for this prize is \$600.

12. Each entry form must be signed by the entrant to confirm that he/she grants Insight Publishing Limited the right to publish entry without compensation.

13. Recipes must be submitted along with entry form, legibly written, printed or preferably typed (double spaced) on 8 1/2" x 11" white paper.

14. Entrant must be willing to participate in the promotional event relating to the contest.

ENTRY FORM

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
PROVINCE _____
CODE _____
PHONE NO. _____
SIGNATURE _____
(Signature grants Insight Publishing rights to publish your entry)
NAME OF RECIPE _____
ATLANTIC CANADIAN INGREDIENT(S) _____

CATEGORY (please check only one)

- Eggs, Meat, Fish and Poultry
- Soups, Chowders and Casseroles
- Appetizers, Salads and Vegetables
- Breads and Muffins
- Jams, Jellies and Preserves
- Desserts and Sweets

SUMMER COOKING

Seafood Picnic Pie is in good company with Vegetable Salad and Beet and Horseradish

Seafood Picnic Pie 1st place

My English grandmother made pies, my French grandmother made quiches, and my mother who was half-French and half-English made her own version of both, probably so as not to offend either of them. In our family, picnics were often held in the garden, rather like a barbecue, but in the shade. The men had a beer and a sandwich, the women

Atlantic Insight

SUMMER COOKING

As the season for fresh foods reaches its height, Atlantic Canadians are turning to barbecues, picnics and seasonal restaurants. In this issue, Insight offers features and recipes such as

MacAusland Blankets



Keep warm this winter in a beautiful wool blanket from MacAusland's Woollen Mills Ltd., of Bloomfield, P.E.I. Knitted from Atlantic Canada raw wool, a MacAusland's blanket is sure to become a family treasure.

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x \$75 Royal blue \$ _____

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N.S. residents add 10% tax \$ _____

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(x \$4.50) \$ _____

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Postal Code _____

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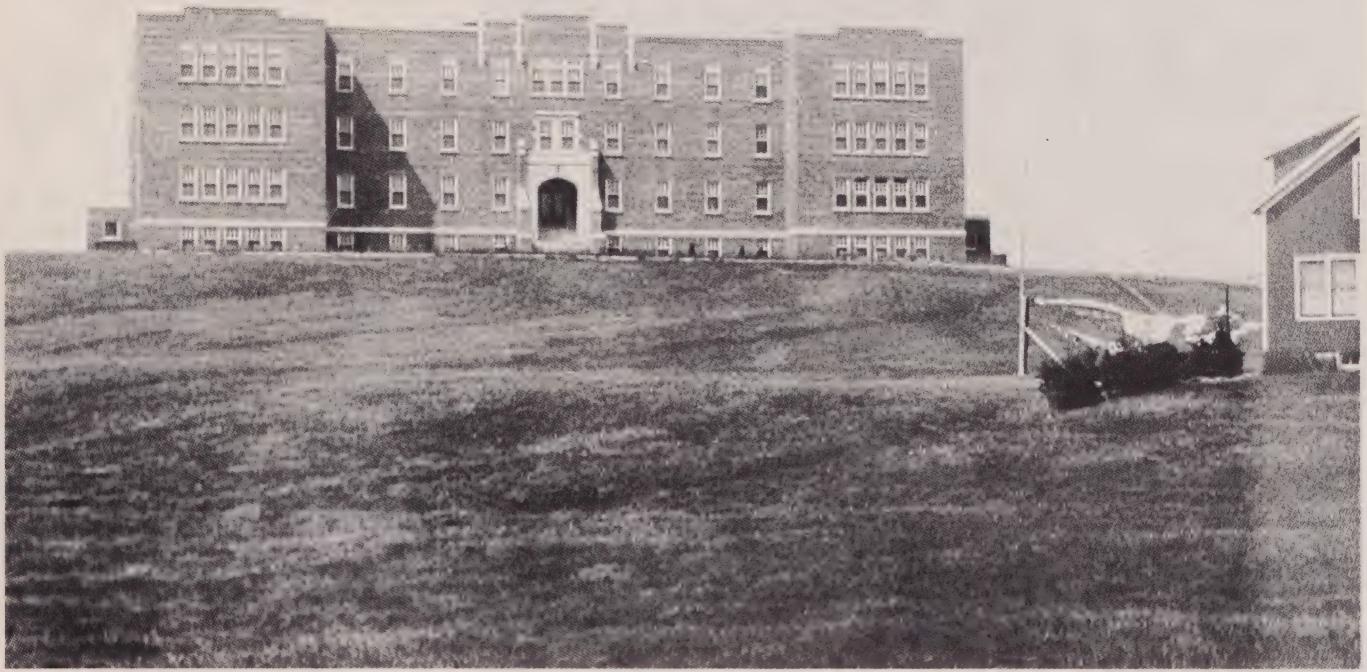
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Hard to erase bitter memories of school days filled with fear

Former students of the Indian Residential School in Shubenacadie reveal that harsh and often cruel discipline was the rule

by Heather Laskey

"The psychology of the Indian nature is often obscure to those not of that race. Silence and impassiveness are qualities in them fostered by age-long cultivation. What thoughts lie hid beneath the opaque gleam of their eyes? What emotions rise beneath their stoic countenances? Who can tell?" (From "The Indian Residential School, Shubenacadie, N.S.", an article in The Catholic Diocesan Directory, 1936)

The site is levelled and bare. The strangely menacing, four-storey, cement-covered, red brick institutional structure which stood for nearly 60 years on the wind-swept ridge overlooking the banks of the Shubenacadie River has gone, but the emotional scars it has left on its ex-pupils are not so easily erased, nor their memories which are the obverse side of the patronizing clichés in

the article in the Diocesan Directory.

Alice Sylliboy lives on the Micmac reserve, a few miles from where the Indian Residential School stood. She is a woman with a warm smile, but a shadow falls on her face when she talks about what happened to her there, and to hundreds of other Micmac children.

Like many ex-pupils, she tells of a grim, authoritarian regime, rigid discipline enforced with brutal harshness, fear, loneliness, confinement, servitude, little education, much religion, and occasional kindness.

"There are a lot of bitter memories of that school," she says. "It really caused a lot of pain in there — being put in a place where you thought you were going to be treated right, but you weren't. They called us uncivilized savages if you did anything wrong. There were punishments you didn't understand. If you talked Indian you were slapped on

the face or they'd grab you by the ear and shake your head. You'd go back and forth till you got dizzy. See, these things we had to adapt to, many a time. But perhaps the worst thing was being confined there. If we went out they treated you like a herd of cattle. I felt as though I was a prisoner."

Sylliboy entered the school in 1932, at the age of six, with her sister and brother, just two years after it opened. Their mother was ill, and their grandmother too old to look after them. It was thought that they would be well cared for in the school. By 1967 when the Indian Residential School closed, more than 2,000 native children from the three Maritime provinces had been there. It was built, and funded on a per capita basis by the Department of Indian Affairs, and like the other 80 schools in Canada, it was run by a religious organization — at Shubenacadie, the Halifax-based Sisters of Charity — with a priest as principal.

The official purpose of the schools was to care for orphaned and neglected



Indian children were not allowed to speak Micmac and lived a regimented existence with every minute of their day under tight control

children and to provide an education when this was otherwise unavailable. Their rules and regulations required, among other things, that the children be given religious instruction, and emphasized that they speak in English and be instilled with what they described as "Ethics."

Noel Knockwood was also six when he entered. There was no day school on his parents' reserve and times were bad. He was there from 1939 to 1943. "I suppose the government put it under the umbrella of civilizing and Christianizing the native people, but it was a form of oppression, of imprisonment, of killing the language, of cultural genocide. We were told that we had come from an uncivilized culture and that our ancestors were pagans and godless savages."

Until the last decade that the school operated, by which time conditions eased, the children — who had to stay for 10 months of the year — were forced into a regimented existence, every minute of their day under tight control. Alice rarely caught a glimpse of her brother, nor Noel of his sisters. Boys and girls were separated even in the playground, in the dining room, in the classroom and in the church.

Their lives were frequently punctuated by religious observance and instruction. "There were prayers in the morning by your bed when you got up, then you washed, made your bed, then Mass, then line up for breakfast, then

grace. And then in the classroom, our first assignment was to pray once more, then the first period was catechism, then at 10 the Angelus and we prayed again," remembers Noel Knockwood. "Whatever we learned was very minimal because we spent more time in prayer and work than anything else."

Much of the food consumed at the school was produced on the 150 acre farm on which it stood. The boys did most of the field and barn work. The girls worked in the laundry, the kitchen and the sewing room. Sylliboy has a copy of the classroom attendance book from the 1930s. It shows that although the pupils were supposed to receive much the same education as other children, half the

normal school hours were, in fact, spent in labour. "The girls had to wash, mend and iron the nuns' clothes, and serve them at the table. They used us more like slaves." Two girls had their hands crushed in the bread mixer. It was only in later years that the farm ceased to operate and outside workers were employed in the kitchen and laundry.

But one theme remained constant

throughout the nearly four decades of the school's existence — the brutality of the punishments to which the children were subjected, and which exceeded the level that was socially acceptable in other schools at the time.

Alice Sylliboy remembers the children's hands cut from blows with the steel edge of a ruler, girls beaten with a yard-stick, mouths washed out with soap if they swore. She remembers the time she had an abscess on her tooth and was unable to eat her food "and the sister took me by the hair, shovelled a mouthful [of food] down my throat and I threw up."

Noel Knockwood remembers "the screaming and the screeching" when boys were whipped and lashed by the priest on their bare buttocks, and says that some of them bear the scars to this day.

Their memories are not exceptional. Basil Francis lives on the Lennox Island Reserve in P.E.I. He is a heavy-machine operator. He went to the school in 1946 when he was eight, after the death of his father. "They taught religion and scared the daylights right out of you. The sisters



Sylliboy: pursued by fear in her memories

and priests would just give you a kick in the rear end. The children were in fear a lot of the time. The worst punishment was for wetting or making a mess in your bed — they'd put your face in it and then you'd get a strapping. It was just a hell-hole in my book."

Basil Francis' brother ran away, and so did other children. Sylliboy remembers one boy, Peter Labobe, from Lennox Island, who ran away in the winter time. He was caught and brought back, and was subjected to what was then the usual punishment — his hair was shaved, then he was put in a closet for several days on a bread and water diet until it was found that his feet were frostbitten. The condition was neglected and his toes had to be amputated.

Peter Labobe is dead, but his wife Cecilia knows his story. She also attended the school for a year when she was nine. She remembers a girl who had run away being tied to a pole and strapped.

In the records one may see the slow softening of the earlier rigidity. In the 1950s social evenings were introduced for boys and girls together, and there were weekly brother and sister "parlour visits;" in 1957 and '58 there were monthly birthday parties "to give the children a feeling of being loved and wanted." And in 1961 the government insisted that "Indian children should spend the same amount of time in the regular classroom as do white children."

But from the children's point of view? Wendell Barnard, a neighbour, was one of the last pupils at the school before it closed. "I used to try to protect my younger brother from getting beaten. The worst thing was the strappings and the rules. Rules for dormitory, for line-up, for everything."

In 1978 several editions of the *Micmac News* carried a series of articles based on 30 interviews with ex-pupils of the school. The newspaper's usual printer refused to print them. Rita Joe, the respected Micmac poet, entered the school voluntarily when she was 12 to escape a bad foster home. At first she thought that she would like it because it was so clean and waxed and shiny. But then it became a nightmare: she told horrifying stories of trying to protect a younger terrified child from retribution for soiling her bed, of a six-year-old being forced by an enormous nun — who features in many of their memories — to eat her own vomit, of a 16-year-old being beaten brutally, and soon after being taken to the hospital where she died.

Rita Joe wrote that she was pursued for years by fear in her memories, and that although the perpetrators will deny these things happened, "we who carry the scars of body and mental anguish are the ones to be dealt with because we are the recorders of the happening."

Personnel at the regional department of Indian affairs disclaim any knowledge

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SPECIAL REPORT



of conditions at the Shubenacadie, or any other Indian Residential School. There is no reason to believe it was exceptional; tales heard from ex-pupils of other schools, under Protestant as well as Roman Catholic administration, are unpleasantly similar.

The nuns who ran the Shubenacadie school are either dead, too old to be questioned, or have gone away. Sister Caroleen Marie Browne, the recently arrived communications director at the Sisters of Charity's motherhouse, has no personal knowledge of the system, and is from the U.S. She has learned that the article in the *Micmac News* did have repercussions within the community. "The sisters thought some of the accounts were unfounded or exaggerated." Browne says religious life used to be a lot more rigid, that harsher punishments were then more acceptable socially, and she thinks that the adjustment for both children and nuns was very difficult because they led such different lives. "I believe the residential schools were an attempt to solve a problem, but it was a mistaken attempt."

Perhaps the real problem was one of perception. In 1957, the parish priest of St. Michael's in Baddeck wrote a letter to the school pleading with the principal to take another 14 children from the nearby reserve at Nyanza because the previous group had done so well. "Their general well-being was apparent to all. Their piety, politeness, friendliness,

cleanliness, eagerness to please and to co-operate were in marked contrast to the opposite in the children that stayed behind ... They have helped to break down the truculence and stubbornness that marked our children. It is simply marvelous to see the effect." On the new list, he wrote, were "children from broken homes or homes worse than average ... the trick is to get the parents' consent to send their children."

Did anything positive come out of the system? Noel Knockwood says it taught him self-discipline and self-reliance, and that when he later joined the armed forces, his childhood experience made the transition into military life easier. (Two of the ex-pupils at Lennox Island enlisted during the Second World War. One was a prisoner of war, an experience, he said, that was no worse than the school.) Knockwood is now a university teacher and an Indian rights activist. "I know that the people who wanted to educate us in their way had good intentions, but the development took on a different definition perhaps because of

the system and those who were involved in it."

Alice Sylliboy takes great pleasure from her work as a teacher's aide at the Shubenacadie District School. Many of the children come from the reserve. In her spare time she likes to teach native and non-native people about the Micmac language, religion and culture — the things the school tried to crush. She says

HEATHER DASKEY

that although education was minimal, the Residential School at least taught her how to speak English, and I learned the importance of respecting other people." It also made her determined that "no other white person is going to tell me what to do."

In September, 1986, fire broke out in the empty school building. Sylliboy, who had avoided going near it for years, drove up and watched in silence while it burnt. "I felt that part of me has gone, it has burnt. But the wounds are still there. Those will never heal. But what punishments were given to us, and the people who gave those punishments, I'm sure they're suffering from them today." ☒



Francis: extreme punishments recalled

up and watched in silence while it burnt. "I felt that part of me has gone, it has burnt. But the wounds are still there. Those will never heal. But what punishments were given to us, and the people who gave those punishments, I'm sure they're suffering from them today." ☒

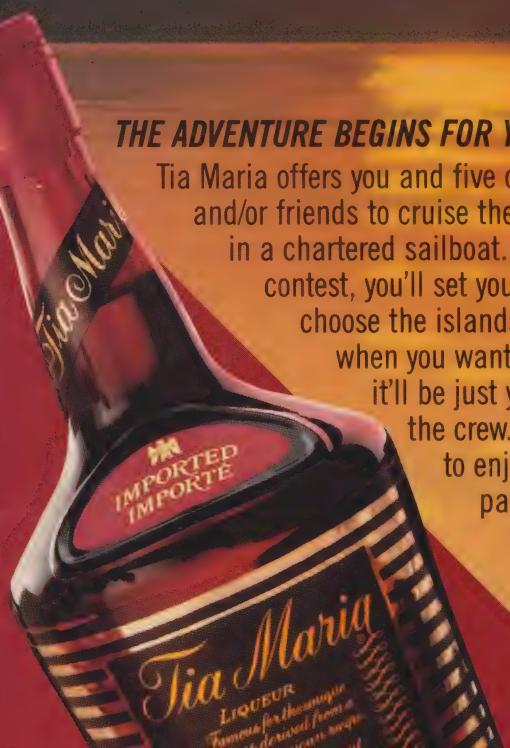
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Tia Maria
THE ADVENTURE BEGINS

World Chess Festival: good business? or glamour and glitz?

Thousands of chess players in Saint John for a major tournament raises the city's profile but some question benefits

by Frank Withers

Coming from most people, the label "Greatest Little City in the East" might sound like Board of Trade or Rotary Club jingoism, but not so when it comes from Her Worship, Mayor Elsie Wayne of Saint John.

The first female chief magistrate of New Brunswick's principal port and industrial city has a gleam in her blue eyes and a triumphant lilt in her voice as she talks about her city being host to the World Chess Festival (WCF), the biggest and most important chess event in North American history. Clearly Mayor Wayne believes that the January 23 to February 20 series of masters' chess matches and cultural events is just one more proof of her Greatest Little City's international status. It is also the answer to those who asked, "What's for encores?" after the successful Festivals-by-the Sea, the 1986 Canada Games, the Military Tattoos and the civic and provincial bicentennial celebrations.

WCF general manager chairman John Reid, a volunteer, and consultant Robert Hamilton of Fredericton, himself a chess player of international rank, tell of how effectively the "fantastic booster" promoted her city and the festival throughout the chess world.

Both Reid and Hamilton say that the

people of Saint John, and of Canada in general (where chess hasn't the status it has in other countries), simply don't appreciate the international prestige accruing to a city entertaining 14 grand masters competing to qualify for world championship matches. "And these matches are only the centrepiece for a month of other matches and cultural events bringing us the greatest concentration of chess devotees in any one place at this time," says Reid.

As evidence of the festival's importance, Hamilton tells how countries such as Holland, Spain and Bermuda adjusted their chess match schedules to permit grand masters to attend the Saint John festival.

The ultimate authority in international chess lies with the president of the Federation Internationale des Eches (FIDE). While the Saint John events were still in preparation the current FIDE president, Florencio Campomanes, stuck his neck out to say that "Saint John has passed our inspection with flying colours ... beyond our greatest expectations." The FIDE president was particularly impressed by security arrangements and the fact that people attending the festival, many from warmer climates, need never step outdoors throughout the month-long festival.

All the chess events and many of the cultural and social functions, the two hotels housing participants and press, and a great number of shops, restaurants and other centres (including City Hall) are, in effect, under one roof in a string of buildings connected by covered passages along the lower half of Saint John's central King Street.

The budget of \$1,700,000 contributed jointly by the three levels of government and by sponsors must pay, among other things, salaries for a staff of 14 and all the expenses of the 14 championship candidates, plus \$400,000 in prizes. (There are also 500 volunteer workers.) The city and province each put in \$150,000, and \$109,000 comes from a federal-provincial tourism fund. Each player pays a fee of \$125 for every game played. The city is operating a chess shop in Market Square and Mayor Wayne says, "We've been told by Florencio Campomanes we should reap returns on our investment for six months after it's all over. Any profit coming to the city will go to pay \$15,000 spent on promotion by Bob Hamilton and Jim Leslie who first came up with the idea, and for promoting chess among young people."

Known for strongly-held opinions about youth, and the need for discipline for some, the mayor had those ideas



Elsie Wayne

Saint John's biggest fan is a controversial figure and opinions about her range from enthusiastic loyalty to hostility



Chess enthusiasts Robert Hamilton, left, and John Reid applaud Mayor Wayne for bringing Saint John prestige as a world-class chess tournament centre

reinforced by talks with world chess champion Garry Kasparov whom she met while she was promoting the festival in England.

"I was very impressed with that young man, by his discipline and powers of concentration," the mayor says. "I'm sure our young people could benefit by exercising the discipline and thinking that are demanded by chess. That could be just one of the spin-offs from this festival. It's part of the school curriculum in some European countries. Maybe it should be here."

A picture of Her Worship facing Kasparov across a chess board hangs on her office wall, but no, she doesn't play, despite loyal assurances on another occasion, from executive assistant Barbara Knox, "Our mayor does everything!"

With over 1,000 top chess players attending from various parts of the world, the matches and events, some several days in length, have been spaced out to attract maximum attendance by as many people as possible. Most important are the seven, six-game candidates' matches in which the 14 grand masters compete for seven places in the cycle of games leading up to the 1990 world championship. Also, there are two international tournaments for top-ranked players, two open tournaments including a novice section, a

one-day world "blitz" championship for Kasparov and 31 other world-class players, a world amateur championship and a Canadian national championship. Canada is represented in the all-important candidates' matches by Kevin Spraggett of Montreal.

But is the chess festival good business? Not everyone shares the mayor's view of the direction Saint John seems to be taking. Opinions about the sprightly, grey-haired grandmother who advocates military service as a cure for unemployment, welfare costs and irresponsible youth, who even talks of the chess festival in terms of bringing discipline to young people, range from enthusiastic loyalty from her own staff and festival committee colleagues, to downright hostility from unions. None of it lessens an impression of inherent conservatism from a woman whom one city hall watcher called "another Maggie Thatcher." Another citizen, involved with the mayor in labour matters, says "she's controversial and she drags others into her controversies. No comment."

Bob Davidson, national representative of the Canadian Union of Public Employees and a high profile adversary of the mayor, says festivals, tattoos and tournaments "are glitz and glamour. They bring in temporary jobs and money — if

they don't cost too much — but they are no substitute for shipping lines and factories that make permanent jobs."

Wayne's most conspicuous and troubling controversy is a long-running dispute with the city police union. Davidson is the spokesperson for that union. He contends, "She's out to destroy the collective bargaining process and she has already destroyed police morale. There has been nothing but dispute since she came into office. [She was elected mayor in 1983 and re-elected in 1986.] There hasn't been a single Saint John Labour Council appointment to a city or port board since her election."

To which sentiment she responds, "I have no time for the Saint John Council of Labour — it's a joke. Bobby Davidson is serving himself rather than his members. Why doesn't he stop his own pay when his strikers lose theirs? He plans strikes a long time ahead and has done CUPE a lot of harm with things like the time he pulled them out just before the Canada Games. The city is a good employer and the police should copy the firemen who settle in a civilized manner without the right to strike. It's simply too dangerous."

"As for faulty appointments to boards and commissions, the mayor has no more say in that than any other city councillor.

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COVER STORY



Davidson: chess no substitute for jobs

When we asked for a list of nominees the Labour Council said it would decide which of its members got appointed to which board. City council just doesn't work that way.

Although the mayor is obviously hoping that the chess festival, like the other grand events before it, will go smoothly and will raise Saint John's profile for the purposes of attracting industry, environmental groups are concerned that the mayor may be too sympathetic to industry and too willing to make concessions, particularly with the city's unemployment rate being among the highest in Canada. Pat Landers, who heads up a protest against industrial pollution in general and pulp mill fumes in particular, is watching for action on that problem. She questions the mayor's priorities: "I do think she's honest and sincere and has the city's best interests at heart, but..."

Elaine Bateman, award-winning former editor of *The Saint Croix Courier*, now covers city hall for the *Saint John Evening Times-Globe* and *Telegraph Journal*. She feels that portraying the mayor as a purveyor of zoos and circuses is "not a fair characterization. I think her schemes and promotions have improved the morale of the city and I think the general opinion is that she's done a great deal for Saint John."

Bateman describes the mayor as the "cheerleader" in these events. "With something like the chess festival," she says, "there's always someone else behind the scenes organizing but Mayor Wayne is in front generating publicity. She's a no-nonsense type whose zeal and energy has been valuable, but she can be difficult once she's decided something. She's accessible and co-operative about returning

calls but if she doesn't like something you write you'll hear about it — probably at a council meeting."

The local papers complain that despite early promises of "more open council" much city business is still done behind closed doors.

Mayor Wayne is touted frequently these days as a possible candidate in either provincial or federal politics and has been mentioned as a potential future candidate for leadership of the provincial Progressive Conservative party. She neither confirms nor denies an interest in changing direction although she leaves the door open.

"If you have a love for your city you often ponder what steps you might take for its benefit. People have talked to me. I'm still here," she says.

And anyone wondering which of the two old political parties talked to the mayor most persuasively might find a clue in some of her political viewpoints:

On labour: "I believe in the dignity of all work and all workers but there must not be the right to strike in essential services — fire, police and some sections of water and sewer departments. I'm digging in my heels on that one. Heaven and hell won't move me."

On youth: "Perhaps if welfare weren't so accessible our young people wouldn't be so independent and irresponsible. A spell under military discipline wouldn't hurt them a bit."

On current military spending: "I'm certainly not going to shoot down our frigate program."

On energy: "The Conservation Council has yet to convince me of the perils of nuclear power. And there must be proper environmental assessment before NB Power develops a coal port at Colson Cove or converts that power plant to coal." (NB Power has proposed converting to coal without re-installing controls which failed several years ago and have since been seriously polluting the Bay of Fundy and both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick shores.)

On industrial pollution: "Government should help industry clean up pollution. They let the polluting industries start up in the first place."

On governments: "I'm not satisfied that either senior government is doing its job. They should be providing a healthy economic environment. It is the municipal role to administer services."

On casinos and Sunday shopping: "There'll be no Las Vegas here."

Today, however, Elsie Wayne is keeping busy with the chess festival and looking ahead to future municipal projects. No one can refute her dedication to the job at hand or her love for her city. "I work for the city," she says. "That's my life since I became a councillor in 1977. I love it but it isn't getting any easier. We are in for some difficult times."

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Silvery, succulent smelts

Long exiled from linen-topped tables, the scrumptious smelt deserves culinary consideration simply because it's delicious

Ah ... smelts ... silvery little cousins of salmon. Either you love them ... or you won't go near them. Martin Bell loves smelts. He should. As committee chairperson of the annual Conquerall Bank Volunteer Fire Department Smelt Fishing Tournament, he sees thousands of people descend on his home town — on Nova Scotia's South Shore — for what he describes as "a two day smelt extravaganza." (This year the tournament takes place February 12 and 13.)

Last year about 130 people participated in the fishing and shack building contests. But what were all those other people doing down on the frozen LaHave River in the middle of winter? The answer is, having fun at one of the most popular winter carnivals in the Maritimes. Visitors who park at the firehall are taken down to the ice by shuttle vans to see the smelt shack village which has mushroomed up overnight. Fishermen poke their heads out of their shacks to share fishing secrets. Some use aluminum foil around the hole to attract fish. Others swear that *chumming* (scattering the water) with canned peas does the trick. The experts tell you that the best fishing happens at night as the tide changes.

There are prizes for the largest and smallest fish caught (last year 26.9 and 6.9 cm., respectively), and the most original smelt shack design. Last year it was an oversized wooden washer and dryer. There is plenty of food and partying to celebrate the smelt season.

And yet, as Martin Bell says, "Ninety-eight per cent of the people who attend never eat smelts." The question is ... why not?

Smelts, fresh out of the water, dredged in flour and fried in butter are a sweet and delicate treat. But smelts have an image problem. Most of us encounter them as a packaged clump of silver bodies under glaring lights in a supermarket display rack. On our way home from work, trying to decide what to make for dinner, it is easy to pass them up for a breaded fillet or a pound of hamburger.

Smelts could use the same public relations team that convinced the public that shark was not a man-eating creature from *Jaws*, but actually a delicious fish. The eating public is fickle. The same squeamish bunch that won't touch a smelt thinks nothing of eating a hideous looking creature called a lobster.

It is time that smelts were back on the list of chic foodstuffs. In the 1950s the fanciest restaurants in New York City featured Maritime smelts as a special imported delicacy. Fishermen along the LaHave River earned enough money catching smelts and shipping them to the Boston States to support their families year-round. It is time that our restaurants followed suit. Solomon Gundy has made it to restaurants with tables draped in linen. Why not smelts?

For smelt cooking tips, chefs might talk to the staff of motel kitchens in the Bridgewater area. They fry smelts brought home by rosy-cheeked fishermen attending the LaHave tournament. They come from as far away as Cape Breton to spend a few days hovering around a freezing water hole by day, and a heated indoor pool by night.

Martin Bell and his wife Cheryl work year-round promoting the annual tournament. They say they do it because "it is an event which brings the whole community together." Celebrating seasonal foods, whether they be apples, potatoes or lobster, is our way of keeping Atlantic traditions alive. If you don't already love smelts, it may be time to give them a try.

The traditional method for cleaning and panfrying smelts

1. Remove the head with scissors or knife.
2. Slit open the belly from head end to vent.
3. Remove and discard intestines and other matter. Rinse fish. There are no scales to remove. The skin can be left on and eaten.
4. Mix together some flour, cornmeal, cracker crumbs (or combination), salt and pepper in a plastic bag. (Cheryl Bell likes to coat smelts with pancake mix combined with a little milk.)
5. Place a few smelts at a time in bag and shake. Remove smelts to a wire rack set on wax paper.
6. Generously grease a large, heavy frying pan with vegetable oil, bacon fat or butter. Some people put in grease to a depth of $\frac{1}{2}$ inch or more, but you may wish to be more conservative. Butter will burn easily, so vegetable oil with a little butter for flavour is usually used. You can also use clarified butter.
7. Allow oil to become very hot but not smoking. Add fish to pan and fry them for a minute or so on each side until light brown and crispy.

8. Serve with lemon wedges, ketchup, vinegar, tartar or any dipping sauce.

Butterflied smelt: a modern "you don't have to eat the bones" method

Boning smelts isn't difficult. Even if you're inexperienced at this sort of thing, you can probably average two fish per minute.

1. Prepare smelts as in steps 1-3 above.
4. Place fish on a flat surface. Grasping the tail with one hand, slip your finger of the other hand under the bone at the tail end. Slide your finger towards the head end, carefully releasing the bones from the flesh on one side of the spine.
5. Repeat this procedure on other side.
6. The central spine with the attached belly bones can be removed by snapping off the tail. Rinse fish and pat dry.

What remains is a beautiful little $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick butterfly-shaped fillet. There are no scales to remove. The skin can be left on and eaten.

This delicate little butterflied fillet can be panfried, deep-fried at 365°F for a few minutes until it curls up and the skin becomes very crisp, stuffed with breadcrumbs or crab and baked, or broiled or grilled.

Broiled smelt with bacon

Bacon (allow 2 slices per person)
Butterflied smelt fillets (allow 3-6 per person depending on size)
1 or more fresh lemons (allow one for four servings)
a few snipped fresh herbs such as thyme, dill or parsley (optional)
freshly ground pepper

Place bacon slices on large broiler pan. Place about five inches from heat source and broil until crisp as you like it. Remove bacon to warm spot. Immediately place smelt fillets, skin-side down, on hot broiler. Squirt on lemon juice, sprinkle with herbs and pepper. Broil for less than a minute until done. Watch carefully, do not overcook.

Serve with bacon slices, broiled or baked potatoes and a green salad.

How to freeze smelts

If you are lucky enough to get a "mess" of smelts, fresh out of the water, the best way to freeze them is uncleaned, in the round. Wash the fish and place them in milk cartons or heavy plastic bags in meal-sized portions. Fill bags with cold tap water and seal well. If space is lacking in your freezer, seal up bags without water. When you want to eat the fish, clean while still partially frozen.



FOLKS

Six years ago **Chris Snellen** set up a small hydroponic greenhouse on an experimental basis and produced tomatoes, cucumber, broccoli and other vegetables on a small scale. It was a fairly natural thing to do for the native of the Netherlands where hydroponics has enjoyed considerable success for some time. His main goal was to have a supply of fresh produce on hand for his family and maybe even supply some of his friends.

The hydroponic experiment worked so well that Snellen, along with his partners, William Dancey and John Barron, have gone into the business full time. In two basement storage rooms on the waterfront in St. John's, they have been experimenting in hydroponic production with great success. In one hydroponic "grow room," measuring 14 feet by 20 feet, they have been able to produce close to 2,000 heads in about six weeks.

The growing system produces plants that have been raised without soil, their roots bathed in a solution of water and

fertilizers. Artificial lights duplicate the sunlight needed for plant growth.

"The availability of fresh vegetables and lettuce particularly in winter, has always been a problem," says Snellen. "We're concentrating on lettuce because every day that lettuce has to sit on a truck delayed by weather, the worse shape it will be in when it arrives in St. John's."

They have also leased two underground bunkers from the federal department of public works. The concrete bunkers, a five minute drive from St. John's, were built by the Americans during World War II for ammunition storage. Each bunker contains 2,000 square feet of floor space and an extensive ventilating system. These subterranean "grow rooms" should provide enough space to produce 4,000 heads of lettuce at a time.

— Sheilagh Guy

Pauline Kaill's passion for paper began when she had a stamp collection as a kid. Now as an adult, her childhood hobby has blossomed into a business called Things of Interest. Kaill boasts a huge collection of magazines, post cards, greeting cards, posters and stamps which she buys and sells for a living from her home in Seabright, N.S.

"In the dictionary ephemera means things that will pass quickly. It's really a derogatory term," says Kaill, 35. "But to collectors like myself there's something special about paper. You can use it to learn about the past."

Magazine advertisements, for instance, tell a great deal about social history. Kaill is especially interested in the treatment of women. She says ads from the 1930s blatantly show that life was about looking good and getting married. "You can



Kaill: a collector's passion for paper

see how attitudes have changed," she says. "There are fewer and fewer ads like that today because companies know that line won't sell their product."

Post cards also give a snapshot from the past, showing what a city — a particular street or building — looked like in days gone by. Of Kaill's 40,000 post cards, she says the most popular are from Atlantic Canada. She says collecting post cards is a fun and affordable hobby for history buffs interested in the Maritimes.

A regular at the numerous craft shows in the region, Kaill deals in originals only because she says fine detail is often lost in reproductions.

— Carol Hurst

Raising foxes is something that just happened to **Evelyn Thompson** of New London, P.E.I. Having worked as a hairdresser from the time she was 15, the 58-year-old woman says it all started seven years ago when her husband Marshall, bought four pups.

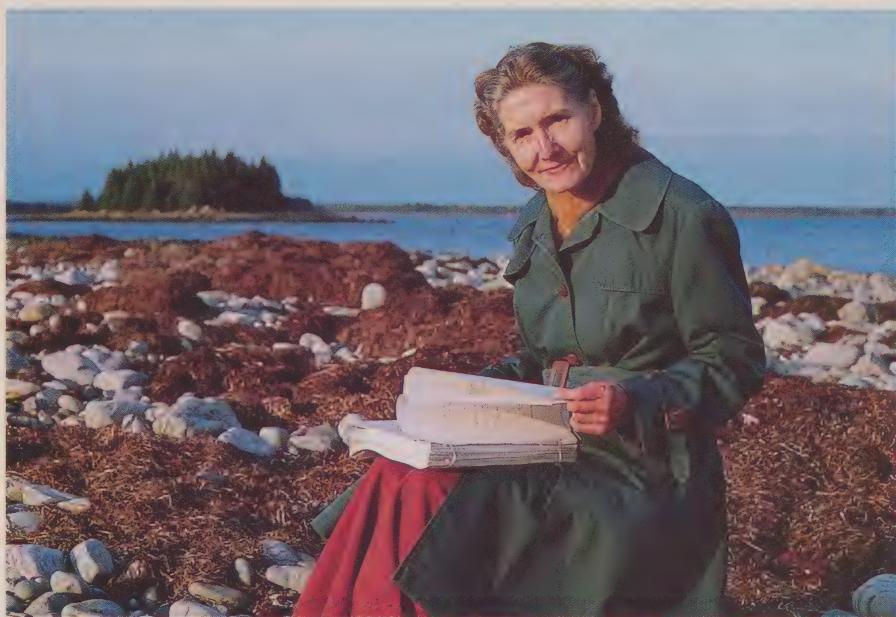
He soon became too busy with his work as a snow-plow operator to care for the foxes and Evelyn took over. She grew to love the foxes and within one year had to give up her hairdressing business to concentrate on the growing number of foxes on their ranch.

At first she wasn't too sure about her new career, but when the first pups came along, "I fell in love with them and they took over my life," says Thompson.

Now with 180 foxes on the ranch, breeding them and running her Shandoah Farm is a full-time job for Evelyn, the first woman to be elected president of the P.E.I. Fur Breeders Association. She says

RAY FENNELL

Chris Snellen: underground bunkers next home for hydroponically nurtured romaine lettuce



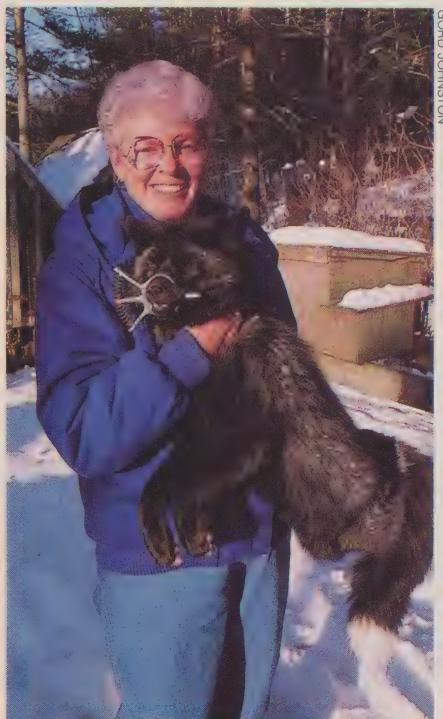
Erika Erdmann: basic human values hold the key to a better future for the next generation

her husband helps out when he is needed, but adds, "What I say goes."

Her love for animals prompted her interest in foxes and she read everything she could find on the subject. A friend, Robert Humphrey, was most helpful in teaching Evelyn about foxes, and she admits, "He taught me just about everything I know."

With as many as 36 foxes to be mated each year, and the first litters coming along before the final mating is finished, it would be easy to think Evelyn would find her work tiring. This is not the case. "I love what I'm doing and I guess that's why I never get tired."

— Kathy Jorgensen



Thompson: fox farming is second career

A strong sense of concern for future generations and the fate of the world prompts 69-year-old scientist-philosopher Dr. **Erika Erdmann** to research and write about values basic for human survival.

She lives in the Nova Scotia fishing community of West Green Harbour, between Lockeport and Shelburne. Born and educated in Germany, Dr. Erdmann moved to Canada 34 years ago with her husband Karl. After first living in Montreal, with their four children, they moved to Nova Scotia in 1972 and settled on the South Shore.

"Nearly all values are interrelated, except key values such as wisdom," says Erdmann. "Intelligence without love will destroy, and love without responsibility will degrade. Together all three become components of wisdom and will elevate mankind." Erdmann divides her time between writing and research. During the winter months, she travels to California to assist Dr. R. W. Sperry, recipient of a Nobel Prize in medicine for his left-brain/right-brain studies.

Today she is re-writing, for publication, both her master's thesis *In Search of a Unifying World View* and her doctoral thesis on *Human Values for Survival*. With these books, she hopes to reach universities, governments and the United Nations because she is convinced that the elimination of nuclear weapons alone will not guarantee human survival if present values and attitudes persist.

At the planning stage is an anthology of statements expressed by major respondents in her research on human values. "They are by people who most influence our attitudes, that is, people in the sciences, philosophy, religion and the mass media, including those who are advancing science-religion interaction, peace, a sustainable society and technological progress," she says.

— Fran MacLean

ERIC HAYES

Like snowflakes, each of the delicately beautiful all-occasion cards made by **Eugenie Doucet** of Beresford, N.B., is different. With designs made in needlepoint, tatting, acrylic paint and melted wax crayons on perforated and fingerpaint paper, the cards are small works of art.

Creating beauty has been a lifelong preoccupation for writer-artist-musician Doucet. Before there was a florist shop in her area, Eugenie, as a young wife and mother, made artificial flowers from rice paper and chenille for Christmas, Mother's Day and even weddings. Once fresh flowers became available to her clientele she turned to creating art from driftwood and other natural materials.



RON MACMILLAN

Doucet: cards with a personal touch

In the early 1970s she turned her talents to making cards for family and friends. The little greeting papers caught on. Soon everyone was looking for "cards by Eugenie."

Some of her most unusual designs are created by scattering wax crayon shavings on fingerpaint sheets, then melting the particles under wax paper with a hot iron. The iron must be at exactly the right temperature, the shavings scattered just so to produce the desired aesthetic results. Stuart Trueman in his book *The Fascinating World of New Brunswick* called these particular cards "happenings. You choose the colours but you never know what you'll get," Trueman explained.

Those with designs embroidered on perforated paper (like cross-stitch on canvas) are the most time-consuming, Eugenie admits. But like all true artists she wastes little energy equating time and money.

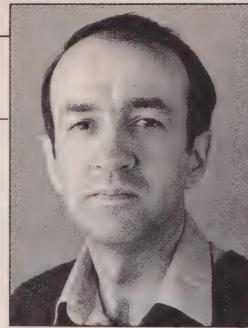
In 1974 Eugenie left Canada and spent seven years in Spain. While she admits that country influenced her writing (her work has appeared in *Reader's Digest*, and an anthology of New Brunswick women writers) she claims the ideas for her cards remained basically untouched.

— Gail MacMillan



When it's special it's worth protecting.

WARNING: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked – avoid inhaling.
Av. per cigarette: Macdonald Special Regular: "Tar" 14 mg. Nicotine 1.1 mg. King Size: "Tar" 14 mg. Nicotine 1.0 mg.



A bracing cleanser for the soul

Mon pays, c'est l'hiver

— Gilles Vigneault

Before dawn one morning in mid-November, I found myself on a desolate strip of the Trans-Canada Highway outside Holyrood, Nfld. When the sun rose it revealed frozen lakes on one side, rocky hills and sparse bogs on the other and stunted spruce and fir all around, not to mention a lick of snow.

I was there covering the progress of the Olympic torch for *Maclean's* magazine, but that's beside the point. I simply wish to record that I felt fine, exhilarated even, with no desire to leave whatsoever. I had to turn and go back to St. John's as excited runners carried the flame on towards Calgary, but I lingered a moment to savour the place's fine therapeutic chill, its bracing uplift on the edge of the Canadian winter.

I like cold, desolate places. I realize that this is a dangerously radical sentiment capable of causing trouble for the travel industry and of disturbing the tropical dreams of Canadians afflicted with the February crazies. But I feel that winter has suffered enough abuse. It must be defended. It is, after all, the core of our troubled national identity. Brian Mulroney may peddle the country to the Yanks and parcel out federal power to the provinces, but winter will surely endure.

Standing up for winter is a risky act of a political nature. I was taught this lesson rudely many years ago. One stark February I was set upon suddenly by an otherwise calm fellow who had been mooning about Florida, and to whom I had innocently remarked that I kind of liked winter. He reared up, roared, waved his arms like a damn fool and accused me of being a flag-waving, patriotic nut who hankered to submit reasonable people to trial by ice as proof of Canadian citizenship. I admitted to no such urge, although granted that in the politics of winter there is implied a natural separation of the hale from the coddled.

How can winter be defended when, on incontrovertible evidence, one is up to the knees in slush, up to the eyebrows in snow, or piled headlights-first into the ditch or the car ahead?

Well, take tradition. Until this century, residents of the Maritimes in particular assumed, quite rightly, that they had one of the best climates in the world. The evidence was quite strong, especially when it was compared to the favourite climate of North American summerites

today — the Caribbean. The Maritimes did a brisk trade with the Indies, so the climates were easily compared. For Maritime sailors it was like descending into the pits of hell. To return uninfected to safe northerly climes was their bravest hope. Tropical diseases, sometimes of epidemic proportions, were ever current in Caribbean ports. Sinister blue lagoons ringed by stinking hot beaches and moldering jungles, uncleansed by a bracing winter, harboured all manner of parasites, microbes and slithering things.

Winter is thus a purifier, of the earth and of the soul. It's only since we've become soft and citified that we've become obsessive crabbers about winter. To correct that and firm up the tattered

Winter's icy blasts that send cold shudders through the skeletal structure can even cure a few ills

national fibre it's necessary to come around to a different point of view. We must accept those icy blasts that grip the middle bone and send cold shudders through the whole skeletal structure as a character-building necessity. A small dab of hypothermia never killed anyone. Followed by a shot of whiskey, it will even cure a few ills.

There was a time — mainly my university days — when I used to huddle

inside overheated cocoon-like buildings, pathetically anticipating the heats of summer along with a bunch of other effete palefaces. It dawned on me that I would live a miserable life, spending 10 months of the year awaiting the other two. It also came to me that winter is a far more substantial reality than summer, which is a colourful but ephemeral thing that flutters by, then dies.

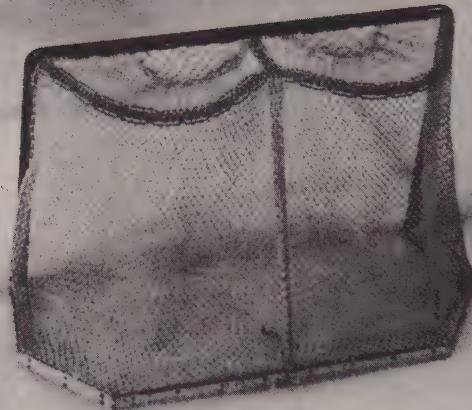
Before coming to grips physically with winter, one must come to grips with it philosophically. The easiest way to do this is to contemplate the Inuit. If you're going to get serious about winter, next time you're inclined to whine because you got slush on your tootsies, just marvel at what it must have been like to survive for millenia in the Arctic without so much as a hot water bottle or even a flashlight during a six-month night, let alone flights to Acapulco to break up the late winter blahs.

In order to appreciate winter, you must of course understand it. Here we introduce the metaphysical concept of northernness. In that connection, let us contemplate Newfoundland again from a certain Maritime point of view. For a quiet but growing number of Maritimers, Newfoundland is the rock of their cosmology, the cornerstone of their world view, at times even the key to their oft-tenuous sanity.

The point here is that Newfoundland is the next stop ahead of the general claptrap of civilization which has risen to the knees throughout the Maritimes, and up to the midriff in Halifax. Personally I keep my own mental baggage packed. I fancy myself ready to decamp as soon as it offends my nostrils, which could happen any time. Who knows when you're going to crack under the strain of yet another mini shopping centre or Harvey's Hamburger going up around the corner? Who knows when the department of highways is going to announce that it is giving in to its deepest fantasies and is going to pave you flat?

Ray Guy would probably protest that the tide of humbug is rising ominously in Newfoundland too. Indeed, I noticed that myself in St. John's. It's the idea that counts. After insular Newfoundland there's Labrador, then Baffin Island, then the North Pole as mental escape hatches, even if civilization is hot on their heels too. But given the pace of government I figure I'll have gone to the Great Winter in the Sky by the time they turn the North Pole into Nuclear Sub National Park. ☐

THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.



It's criminal what's happening to the game of hockey. What was once the scene of a great pastime, is becoming a spectacle that thrives on violence.

So who's to blame? It isn't just the players. Fans, coaches, the media — just about everyone has to take some responsibility. Because when

something serious happens, just about everyone can suffer the pain. Including the game of hockey itself. How can we stop it? By promoting good sportsmanship. By cleaning up the game. Before it's no longer safe to go out on the ice.

LET'S GET BACK IN THE GAME.

FairPlay

The Commission for Fair Play.

BUSINESS



Ranzinger: Despite a shrinking market, they are carving a niche in the cigarette paper market

Papers plant has the makings of a world class competitor

A cigarette paper plant in Woodstock, N.B. supplies 30 per cent of the papers bought by Canada's major cigarette manufacturers

by Bernie Mulhern

There's no doubt that the anti-smoking campaign is having a sustained impact, as more and more people kick the habit for good. But millions of Canadians continue to smoke; last year they inhaled almost 50 billion cigarettes.

While tobacco sales continue to fall, a little-known Woodstock, N.B. company

continues to prosper in a shrinking market. Last year Tann Paper's 34 employees produced close to \$3 million worth of cigarette paper products for Canada's three major cigarette manufacturers. That represents an increase of approximately 28 per cent over sales for 1986.

The company makes tipping paper for

Imperial, MacDonald's and Rothman's, Benson & Hedges Inc. It produces cigarette tubes for the Rothman's label. The tubes, a complete cigarette minus the tobacco, are resold to people who "roll their own," usually with the help of a cigarette roller. Last year Canadians smoked about six billion of the roll-your-own variety. Tann Paper provided hundreds of millions of the tubes — the exact number remains confidential for competitive reasons.

Tipping paper is the band of paper which wraps around the cigarette filter. It "dresses" the cigarette with each brand's own visual design and/or logo. As well, each brand's filter has its own number of tiny perforations — the more perforations, the milder the cigarette. In 1987 the Woodstock company produced enough tipping paper for approximately 15 billion cigarettes, roughly estimated as a 30 per cent share of the market.

Cigarette manufacturers don't make their own tipping paper because it is such a specialized process, leaving the task to independent producers like Tann Paper. "Each brand of cigarette has a tailor-made tipping paper for it," says Theo Ranzinger, general manager of the Woodstock plant. "So the number of different papers becomes very costly. Because it is a rotogravure process, which is the most expensive process in printing, it is not worthwhile to have a printing plant in a tobacco manufacturing plant."

Sophisticated laser, electrical and mechanical technologies are used to create the tiny perforations in the tipping paper, with each brand demanding its own number of holes. The resulting air permeability helps to determine each brand's tar and nicotine rating.

Ranzinger says that most people quit smoking in order to improve their health, not to save money. "Every time there is an increase in cigarette taxes, many people change over to make their own cigarettes to save money." The change-over saves the smoker about 30 to 40 per cent of the cost of ready-mades, and adds to Tann Paper's sales to Rothmans, Benson & Hedges Inc.

Nevertheless, Ranzinger admits his company is fighting hard to maintain and increase its share of a declining market. Since the company opened its doors in Woodstock in 1985, it has managed to do just that. Ranzinger claims the company's share of the Canadian tipping paper market has climbed from 20 per cent in 1986 to 30 per cent in 1987, and he expects it to rise to 40 per cent in 1988.

The Woodstock operation gets help in the form of technical expertise and material from its giant parent. "We are lucky that our head office in Austria has the world's largest market share in tipping paper manufacturing. We are very

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Canada

BUSINESS

specialized; we have our own paper mill to make the specialized paper for tipplings. We have enormous back-up."

That technical back-up allows the company to respond quickly to changes made in individual brands, or to supply tipping paper for new brands. It also makes Ranzinger confident that his company can continue to succeed by assuring customers quality and service.

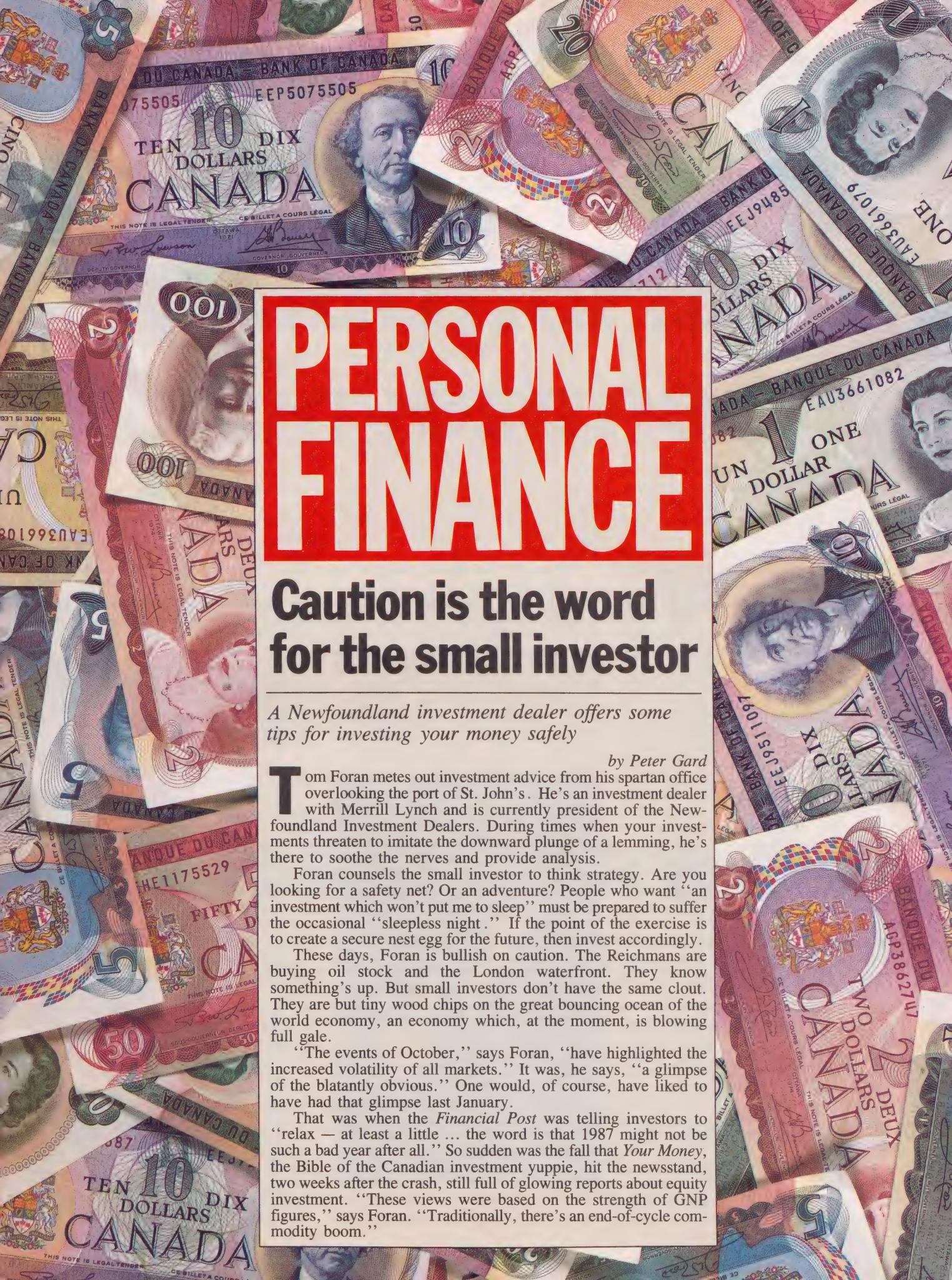
Why would the world's largest tipping paper manufacturer set up shop in a place as seemingly unlikely as the small town of Woodstock? Ranzinger says that his parent company had been trying to infiltrate the Canadian market, but that Canadian cigarette manufacturers wanted to buy Canadian products. When word got out that Tann Papier of Austria was willing to start an operation in Canada, New Brunswick's department of commerce and development immediately sent a representative to Europe. The company became convinced that New Brunswick was a good place to do business, and the town of Woodstock promoted a plant in its expanding industrial park. Ranzinger says that transportation costs to the major manufacturing centres was not a negative factor in deciding to set up in Woodstock. In fact, he says he can ship his product less expensively to Montreal, than a Montreal competitor can ship to Toronto.

Woodstock Mayor Harold Culbert describes the success of Tann Paper as a "spoke in the wheel" of the centre's economy. The town of approximately 5,000 relies on agriculture, small business and small industry. Culbert is pleased that the company not only provides employment for young people, but that it creates "highly technical jobs, the kind of high tech training that young people can take to other jobs in the future."

The ongoing decline of the tobacco industry seems inevitable, with the worst yet to come. In 1984 there were 125 tobacco producers in the Maritime provinces. Today, there are approximately 78, most of them on Prince Edward Island. Even Tann Paper's relative success is seriously threatened by the continuing downturn in the market.

Ranzinger's attitude toward what many call the eventual disappearance of the cigarette manufacturing business is philosophical and aggressive. "Since we are the new kid on the block, we're not only trying to infiltrate the market, we're trying to take away from our competitor's market share in a declining market."

He says it's impossible to predict how long it might take for the smoking habit to disappear completely. He says it may take 10 or 20 years, or that perhaps there will always be a hard core group of smokers. He feels that Tann will go down if the industry worldwide goes but on a more positive note, he says, "As long as there is a tobacco industry here, we intend to be here too."



PERSONAL FINANCE

Caution is the word for the small investor

A Newfoundland investment dealer offers some tips for investing your money safely

by Peter Gard

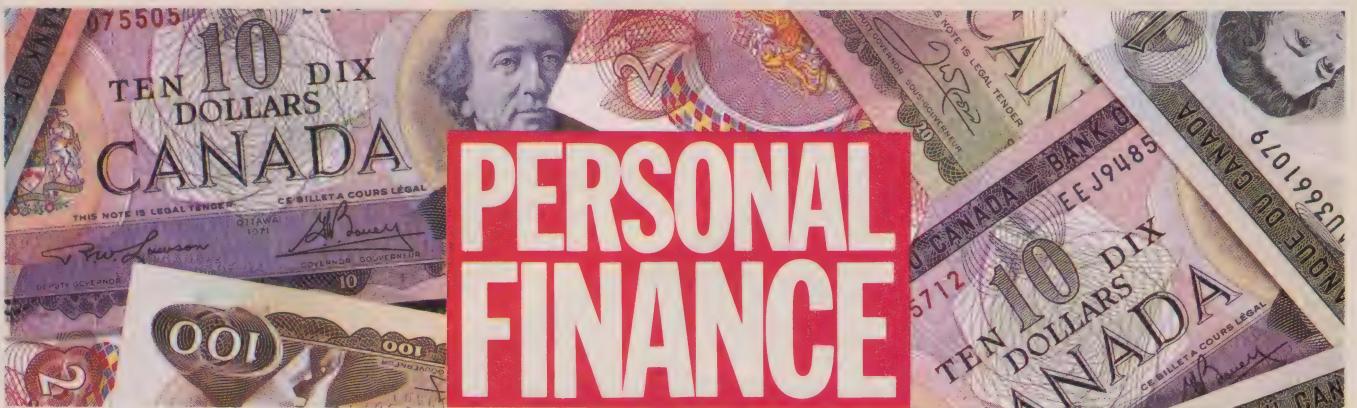
Tom Foran metes out investment advice from his spartan office overlooking the port of St. John's. He's an investment dealer with Merrill Lynch and is currently president of the Newfoundland Investment Dealers. During times when your investments threaten to imitate the downward plunge of a lemming, he's there to soothe the nerves and provide analysis.

Foran counsels the small investor to think strategy. Are you looking for a safety net? Or an adventure? People who want "an investment which won't put me to sleep" must be prepared to suffer the occasional "sleepless night." If the point of the exercise is to create a secure nest egg for the future, then invest accordingly.

These days, Foran is bullish on caution. The Reichmans are buying oil stock and the London waterfront. They know something's up. But small investors don't have the same clout. They are but tiny wood chips on the great bouncing ocean of the world economy, an economy which, at the moment, is blowing full gale.

"The events of October," says Foran, "have highlighted the increased volatility of all markets." It was, he says, "a glimpse of the blatantly obvious." One would, of course, have liked to have had that glimpse last January.

That was when the *Financial Post* was telling investors to "relax — at least a little ... the word is that 1987 might not be such a bad year after all." So sudden was the fall that *Your Money*, the Bible of the Canadian investment yuppie, hit the newsstand, two weeks after the crash, still full of glowing reports about equity investment. "These views were based on the strength of GNP figures," says Foran. "Traditionally, there's an end-of-cycle commodity boom."



PERSONAL FINANCE

Usually this is to the advantage of Canadian investors. When the collapse comes, the manufacturers and retailers are the ones who get caught. The sellers of raw materials, i.e., the Canadians, usually have time to make it to the other bank. Only, in October, no one made it to the bank.

"Things are always relative in the market place," says Foran. "Let's just say that the rise in the Canadian market was well forecast, long anticipated and somewhat slow to arrive. The end to that rise was well forecast, poorly anticipated and quick to arrive."

Foran's preferred counsel for the future is that we recognize the times for what they are. This means that while the big main-frame capitalists are out in the world market having fun, little laptop capitalists are wisest to wait for sunnier times. "At this point the jury is still out as to whether we're experiencing a recession or just a hiccup," Foran says. "In times of retreat, you should look first to preserve capital. Only secondly do you seek to maximize return on investment."

Foran suggests the small investor keep the following points in mind as a guide to surviving a down market:

1. Steer clear of leverage. Leverage is what you use to get a mortgage. It means you put so much down and the bank supplies the rest.

It's a relatively safe operation with mortgages because house values are stable. If you borrow using equity as your leverage, however, and the value of that equity falls, the bank will be after you to return its share of what was lost. Losing on leveraged money is the market equivalent of borrowing an unusually expensive item and losing it.

2. Reduce your mortgage. This is a favourite form of investment for Newfoundlanders. Foran thinks this is an outgrowth of living in a cyclical economy. It's a sound move. Houses steadily accrue in value, and they're the one investment you enjoy right away. Needless to say, if disaster strikes, it's nice that you, not the bank, own the house.

3. Take full advantage of tax-assisted investments. The best known of these is the RRSP (Registered Retirement Savings Plan). The second tax-assisted plan

that small family investors should consider, according to Foran, is the RESP (Registered Educational Savings Plan).

The way tax-assisted schemes work, the government loans you the tax you would normally pay on whatever money you deposit with the plan. Both the loan and deposit earn interest, so you're making money on a free government loan. In the case of RRSPs, Foran recommends running two plans, one for each spouse. The higher-income partner regularly contributes to the lower-income partner's plan. Come retirement, the two plans are taxed at a lower rate than a single plan would be.

Registered Educational Savings Plans (RESPs) are trickier. You get the capital back, but the interest must go to post-secondary education. As no one knows what their children's plans or educational expenses will be, Foran recommends saving at a rate that will cover a sizeable part of the costs, but not the whole.

4. Be sensible about risk. The amount of risk you take should depend on three things: your ability to raise capital, the condition of the marketplace, and in-

vesting. For example, in an uncertain economy, investors with limited funds who are looking to cushion their families are wise to sacrifice high capital growth for long-term security.

5. Change your strategy with the times. An unstable market offers opportunities as well as risks. In a period of uncertainty, look for the highest dividends — those companies with the best long-term growth rates. Large multi-national-sized companies which have very strong earnings and pay good dividends are a good bet, as are bank stocks, government bonds and convertible preferred shares. Look for situations where you can get high dividend yield as well as capital growth.

Foran recommends keeping your investments as liquid as possible and keeping track of the news and how it affects investment.

For example, a recession is likely to hurt consumer-oriented companies first. A falling dollar, however, gives our exporters the edge over their Asian and European competitors.

6. Make use of what you know. It's much easier to sense how business conditions are affecting local companies. For example, most Newfoundlanders are aware of the nuances of the fishing industry. Foran thinks that well-established Atlantic corporations are also a solid investment bet.

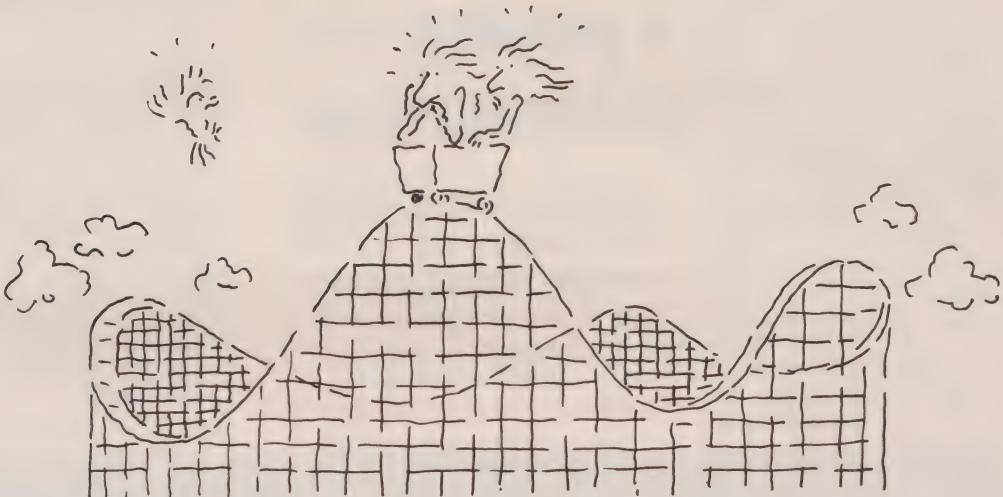
He advises caution, however, when it comes to investing in riskier local schemes. The 130 per cent tax write-off which comes with the purchase of mining shares (known as flow-through shares) chiefly benefits investors in higher tax brackets. The program is currently under review. It has led to a boom in mineral exploration in Newfoundland and the chances of discovery are good. However, the sector is extremely volatile. Junior mining stocks took a drubbing in October.

The province's recently announced Newfoundland Stock Savings Plan looks promising but details are hazy. Don't be seduced by tax write-offs into investing where you shouldn't. Remember the importance of liquidity. If you put your savings into Uncle Ebert's fish hatchery, for example, how do you get them out again? ☐



Foran: volatile markets call for caution

Some Canadians don't have the stomach for high- risk investments.



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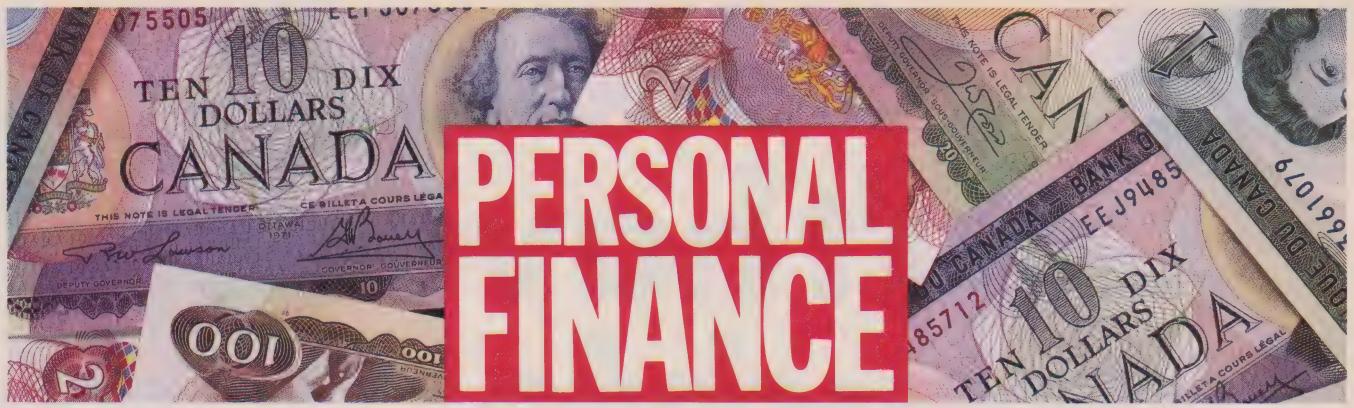
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PROFIT FROM OUR EXPERIENCE



PERSONAL FINANCE

Dave Thompson owns 150 acres of Charlotte County forest land. Some of the trees on his woodlot have reached the 50 or 60-year age harvest level. But much of his woodlot is young trees, a long way from seeing the cutting edge of the chainsaw, and last year he lost 40 acres to a summer forest fire. Like most of New Brunswick's 35,000 small woodlot owners Thompson can't make a full-time living working just his own woodlot. He says it takes closer to 800 or 1,000 acres, so he supplements his income by doing work on the stands of other small woodlot owners.

Craig McGibbon, another Charlotte County woodlot owner, devotes all his time to his own tree stands. His main crop trees are the softwoods that feed the appetite of the pulp and paper industry. In this southwest corner of the province that means selling to the near-monopoly J.D. Irving Ltd., or the Georgia-Pacific Corporation, the American giant forest company that straddles the border. But McGibbon finds he must also spend some

Turning a private woodlot into a paying proposition

With careful management a woodlot can provide a good source of income, and now government programs are there to help

months of the year harvesting his Christmas trees — a segment of the industry that has become increasingly valuable for some areas of the province. He may also add the cutting of less profitable firewood to this year's harvesting efforts.

Making a woodlot profitable, much less a full-time profession, isn't easy. Given low stumpage fees — only \$15 a cord in New Brunswick, for example — many woodlot owners say harvesting is hardly worth the effort. Big harvesting machines may cut 100 cord of pulp wood in a day (the equivalent of what a woodsman using a chainsaw might cut in the entire season), yielding about \$6,000, but the outlay for such a machine is about \$250,000, not to mention interest on the loan payment. Both Thompson and McGibbon claim one of the main reasons they manage to eke out a living is because they keep their harvesting operations simple — even using horses to haul logs out of the woods instead of what others consider the more economical mechanical skidder.

In addition, private woodlot owners



are at the mercy of the market, which determines the preferred species, and by the industry giants to whom they sell their crop trees. In provinces like New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where the large companies have access to vast tracts of Crown lands and forest lands of their own, there have been times when they've refused to buy from small woodlots.

Given these factors, an economical solution for some private woodlot owners might be to simply sell the land, at current prices averaging about \$200 an acre, and put the money in the bank.

But there is another, longer-range alternative, which in the long run may be more profitable: hold on to the land and whip it into top yield shape through a comprehensive program of forest management. Good management concentrates growth on more valuable trees and on a continuous supply of them, so that within a five or ten year period the stand can yield double or triple the saleable material per year than an unmanaged woodlot can.

A current shortage of softwoods, and sawlogs in particular, has instilled in government and industry a new respect for the small woodlot owner. In addition, both government and industry realize that private woodlots are often more valuable than Crown or industry land — partly because early settlers chose the best and most productive lands, and partly because they are often closer to main transportation arteries and sawmills and pulp and paper mills. These considerations have prompted government to offer forest management incentives to private woodlot owners, in the form of various financial and technical assistance programs.

Joakim Hermelin, director of forest extension services for the department of natural resources and energy, frankly admits the motive behind the new programs. "It's quite selfish. Industry needs the wood. But from the government's point of view there are other objectives. In a region with a stubbornly high unemployment rate, the programs create jobs, and the maintenance of a viable rural community."

All the Atlantic provinces have entered into forest management agreements with the federal government, and while the agreements are tailor-made for each province's specific needs, they are generally designed to increase the supply of softwood. Most of the money is spent on silviculture — reforestation by planting seedling trees in cutover lands or abandoned farm fields — but there is also assistance to develop the initial woodlot management plan, and for follow-up and improvement of established stands.

New Brunswick's five-year, \$77.4 million Forest Renewal Agreement expires in March, 1989, and while Nova Scotia's similar five-year Forest Resource Development Agreement expired in 1987, it has been given a two-year, \$38 million extension. Under both programs, private woodlot owners are eligible for a free

silviculture management plan. Basically, a forester visits the property and "walks it," determining its boundaries and preparing a map which divides the woodlot into manageable stands. He then provides a description of each stand, the age class distribution of the trees, and an estimate of the number of cords of wood the stand will yield when harvested.

Prince Edward Island's five-year, \$20 million Canada-P.E.I. Forest Resource Development Agreement terminates in March 1988, when it comes up for renewal. According to Jean-Paul Arsenault, the province's director of forestry, "We are looking to maintain the current agreement," which includes programs running the full gamut of forest management —

merchantable to qualify for assistance in any forest management program. Currently, a major focus is clearing, which is part of the province's plan to curb the widespread insect damage to the province's dominant balsam fir species. According to Richard Brake, a special projects officer with the Newfoundland department of forest resources and land, "The whole idea is to replace balsam fir with other species like white spruce and red pine which are more resistant to insect damage."

New Brunswick woodlot owners can receive up to 50 per cent of the purchase price for seedlings and up to \$280 per hectare for planting. Nova Scotia will pay up to \$130 per 1,000 trees (for bare root stock) and up to \$429 per hectare to plant the stock. In Newfoundland seedlings are provided free of charge, with financial assistance for planting, based on density, slopes, surface and obstacles.

Chris Pitt, a forestry officer with the Canadian Forestry Service in New Brunswick, says, "Once the planting is done, a lot of people forget about it. But a woodlot may need follow-up treatments — for example, a chemical application of herbicide — to knock back competition. The idea is to have that plantation in a free-to-grow state by five years." Subsequently, tending or follow-up is another aspect of the province's assistance plan, with up to \$100 per hectare for application, plus 90 per cent of the cost of the chemical. Nova Scotia has a similar program, offering a maximum \$305 per hectare. (The maximum assistance applies to manual weeding, with less for chemical, aerial and ground spraying.)

While pre-commercial thinning isn't assisted in Nova Scotia, it is in New Brunswick, to the tune of \$245-\$685 a hectare. New Brunswick offers a straight \$700 per hectare for semi-commercial thinning, while Nova Scotia, which doesn't distinguish between semi- and fully-commercial, offers assistance up to \$690 per hectare for merchantable thinning.

In Nova Scotia group ventures provide another possible assistance alternative. Private woodlot owners whose land falls within an existing group service area and is sufficiently large to qualify may be eligible to join the group for an initial membership fee, plus five per cent of his or her roadside volume each year. While membership qualifies for a higher rate of financial assistance for construction, the main advantage is that the group venture provides harvest management — making it an ideal arrangement for the absentee woodlot owner or the woodlot owner who works at another job.

In P.E.I., another federal-provincial program offers market development assistance. Jean-Paul Arsenault explains, "One of the major problems we've had to deal with here is the lack of markets for our forest products. For example, we don't have any pulp mills in the province."

Good forest management can turn an unprofitable woodlot into an income-making proposition

but details won't be available until the new program is in effect.

New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and to a limited extent, Newfoundland, have various assistance programs for reforestation. Newfoundland's Forest Resource Development Agreement is still in the pilot project stages, and until its termination in March 1989, programs are confined to the southwestern corner of the province, which has the highest concentration of private woodland. In New Brunswick, woodlot owners with a minimum 10 hectares (25 acres) are eligible for a maximum \$310 per hectare site preparation assistance, while anyone with a minimum 20 hectares (50 acres) of woodland in Nova Scotia may receive up to \$365 per hectare.

While Newfoundland's program doesn't require a minimum acreage, woodlot owners must have an average of at least 10 cords per acre classified as

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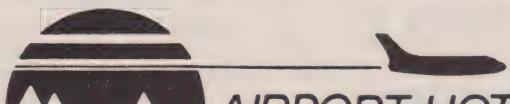


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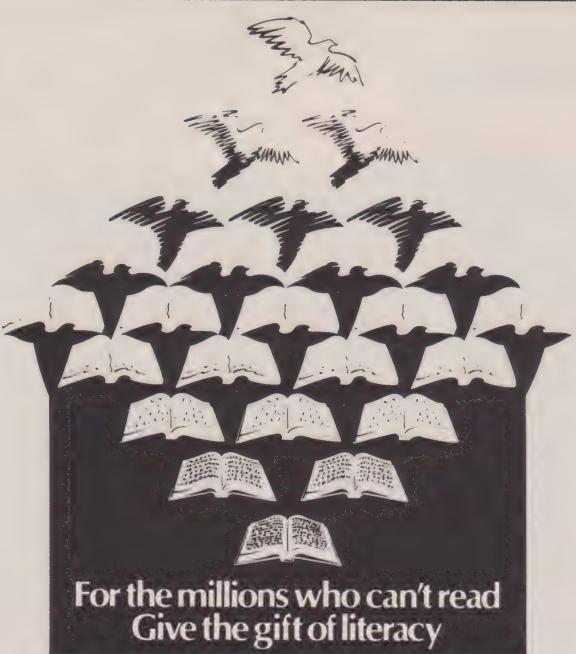
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Some programs help to finance access roads

So, the Alternate Energy Development Agreement, as administered by the province, is focusing on developing two main markets. Within the province it is converting many public buildings to run on wood chip fuel, and outside the province it is locating and developing markets for pulp wood.

There may be an added, though admittedly indirect, incentive for private woodlot owners to take up a forest management plan. Given that undeveloped forest land is subject to the lowest tax rate (for example, just 25 cents an acre in New Brunswick), it may be cheaper *not* to develop it, assuming the landowner intends to hang on to it anyway. If this is the case, forest management will help to increase the landowner's investment. Bear in mind, however, that forest land within a municipality is subject to re-zoning and subsequent tax hikes. If and when this occurs, it may be time to consider subdividing and selling the land.

Good forest management can make the difference between a woodlot that is unprofitable and one that yields its owner annual income, year in, year out. Admittedly, industry and many small woodlot owners don't always agree on what constitutes "good forest management," with industry favouring heavily mechanized operations which tend to encourage over-cutting. For private woodlot owners like Dave Thompson and Craig McGibbon, however, the forest is a resource to be treated with great respect.

Their main criticism of government forest management programs is that they sometimes force industry's methods on private woodlot owners. McGibbon, for example, thinks silviculture is wrong, that it creates a mono, one-species forest that is more susceptible to disease and pests, and believes that nature's way of regeneration, by a mixed forest, is the best way.

In the end, it's up to the private woodlot owner to choose how to manage his or her land. But at least in 1988, there are more choices.

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They're three of the many firms that have taken advantage of increased opportunities under the Atlantic Opportunities Program.

The program is about business and government working together and using federal purchasing to create long-term economic activity in Atlantic Canada. Some firms have competed successfully for important contract awards. Prime contractors are encouraged to look to Atlantic firms for their sub-contracting needs. Companies and new product lines are being developed. Often, unique technical expertise comes with the establishment of facilities like the one built to support the Aurora aircraft.

There's support for innovative ideas, like Novatron's Atlantic Opportunities Information Network. This state-of-the-art, computer-based data network brings Atlantic businesses and their capabilities to the attention of public-sector purchasers in the region.

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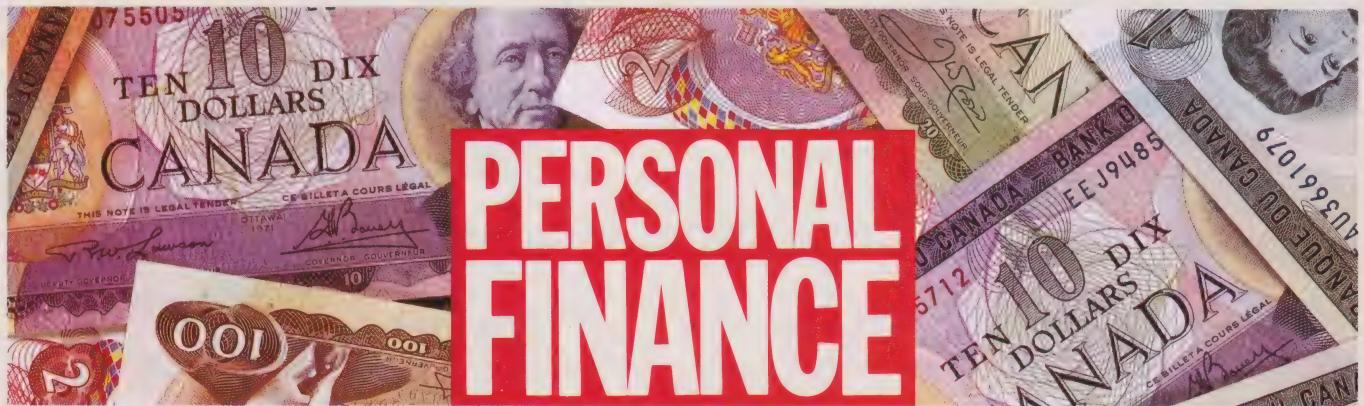
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PERSONAL FINANCE

by John Morrison

October 20, 1987 — the day after the infamous "Black Monday" when stock values worldwide plummeted. Storm clouds were still brewing on the financial front, yet on this day, a small gold mining company helped carve a niche in Nova Scotia's recent economic history: Coxheath Gold Holdings Limited became the first of Nova Scotia's publicly listed companies to complete, with a qualified dealer, a public offering of shares under the Nova Scotia Stock Savings Plan (NSSSP).

The plan, for both listed and non-listed companies, offers enticing provincial tax credits to encourage individual Nova Scotians to invest in small to medium-sized businesses. Its focus on smaller businesses makes it unique among stock savings plans.

Eligible companies must be corporations whose assets and/or gross revenues are both less than \$25 million. For the investor, this means a 20 per cent tax credit — unless companies offering shares have assets and/or gross revenues less than \$5 million; then a 30 per cent tax credit applies. The maximum credit is \$3,000 for 1987. Shares, or other eligible shares of equal value (in companies listed in the NSSSP) have to be held until December 31, 1990 or the investor loses the credit.

So far, three companies have approvals to publicly offer shares under the NSSSP. Coxheath, a member of the Toronto and Alberta Stock Exchanges (and a former member of the Calgary Exchange), was the first to be granted "eligible issuer" status, on September 14, 1987, by the Nova Scotia minister of finance.

Early on October 20 representatives of Coxheath met to complete a committed underwriting agreement selling newly issued shares to the stock brokerage firm, Walwyn Stodgell Cochran Murray Limited. The last chance to postpone the agreement was the day before because the entire issue was already paid for by investors. "The issue was in extremely high demand," says Michael Himmelman, Halifax manager of Walwyn, adding that Coxheath shares had sold as high as \$2.95 earlier in the year.

Meanwhile, KB Electronics Limited,

Stock saving plan off to shaky start in Nova Scotia

Reaction to the province's plan is positive but uncertain market conditions have resulted in a slower response from business

Bedford (unlisted) and Novatron Information Corporation, Halifax (Montreal Stock Exchange member) were waiting for their closing date. According to respective company spokespersons, KB Electronics was a month away from a similar, signed underwriting agreement worth \$2.5-\$3 million, while Novatron planned to begin its formal application for stock issuance at the end of the month and would be on the market in 1988. Novatron's shares had to be listed and posted



for trading on the TSE or MSE within 90 days of their issue or offering for sale.

By 9:30 a.m. the Coxheath/Walwyn agreement was closed. Walwyn agreed to purchase 1.25 million new common Coxheath shares at \$2 per share, and sell them for the same amount, which qualifies for inclusion in the NSSSP. Walwyn would earn an underwriter's fee of \$250,000, while Coxheath, through an underwriting agreement, was guaranteed \$2,250,000.

According to Himmelman, the agreement was signed, the cheque was given to Coxheath, and Montreal Trust (the transfer agent) gave the share certificates to Walwyn, who in turn deposited the certificates to the clients. The shares were posted for trading on the TSE that day, and by the end of the day they were credited to clients' accounts.

But one hour after the agreement was signed, Coxheath's common shares appeared to continue a previous slide in share value (for example, shares closed at \$1.90 and \$1.75 on October 16 and 19, respectively) — and by the end of the day, fell to \$1.40. Within the next month, shares were as low as \$1.05, before leveling around \$1.35 at the end of November.

Steve Sutherland, a Walwyn stockbroker, says approximately 250 shareholders bought an average \$10,000 worth of the issue. "There weren't, to my knowledge, big chunks bought," he says. "It was well distributed." The NSSSP was definitely a key in attracting shareholders. "I 'guesstimate' about 90 per cent of the investors bought the stock under the plan as a stock saving," adds Sutherland. "In the short term the investor gets the tax credit and in the long pull, you assume Coxheath will come back to its true level and the investors will make some money."

The Coxheath stock slide was not a reflection of the company's true performance, but part of a worldwide trend referred to in North American investment circles as "The Great Market Crash of 1987." Yet, October economic events did not provide an ideal background for Coxheath's NSSSP issue completion. Novatron and KB Electronics stock issue plans have since been postponed until more favourable market conditions prevail.

"We received a lot of inquiries up to the time in the drop of the market," says

Greg Kerr, Nova Scotia's finance minister.

The NSSSP, which came into effect for the 1987 taxation year, was introduced in last April's provincial budget, and its listed company portion was passed in June, 1987. "Because we were the first province to offer the plan to small businesses, we needed a specific body of regulations to tie in the unlisted company regulations with the Securities Commission of Nova Scotia," says Kerr. These additional regulations were proclaimed October 15, 1987.

More than a month after "Black Monday" and "Tuesday's Tumble" inquiries resumed, but, according to Kerr, "a number have indicated they want to wait for 1988, so, given the short time and uncertainty of the marketplace ... people are, in some cases, holding back." There were unconfirmed reports that at least three other companies were waiting in the wings to join the plan, but were watching market conditions.

Reaction to the NSSSP from the business community has been mostly agreeable: "It's extremely positive for investors and companies seeking to expand," says Robert Peters, Halifax, branch manager of Levesque Beaubien Inc., the leading firm handling the Quebec SSP, which, since its 1979 inception, has raised more than \$6 billion in local capital. His only criticism is that the NSSSP's asset/revenue base is not larger than \$25 million "because there are a number of companies out there that could benefit from the plan that are not public."

The plan is "brand new for us and we're sort of hoping interest will pick up next year," says Rick Ormston, Halifax, a tax partner with Collins Barrow Chartered Accountants. He believes the "biggest hurdle" facing the plan's success is the cost for a rising company. Jim Breeze of Coxheath agrees. "For any small company thinking of participating in the plan it's quite an investment in time and legal fees." In Quebec there is a grant system available to some companies to help offset SSP costs but there is no such provision for the plan here. "Perhaps the government is speculating, it wants to wait and see what happens ... for a couple of years," says Ormston.

In Nova Scotia, most small businesses could qualify, providing they meet eligibility requirements. "There is nothing to prevent a startup of businesses that are perceived to be of benefit. Companies could technically come into existence because of the plan," says Peters. "But that would be a very difficult thing to do. Investors tend to shy away from startups."

The number of companies showing interest in the plan in 1987 was modest. As for this year, "We probably won't know until February through to April, when a lot of startup and new business initiative is usually taken," says Kerr. Meanwhile, everyone is waiting for better market conditions.



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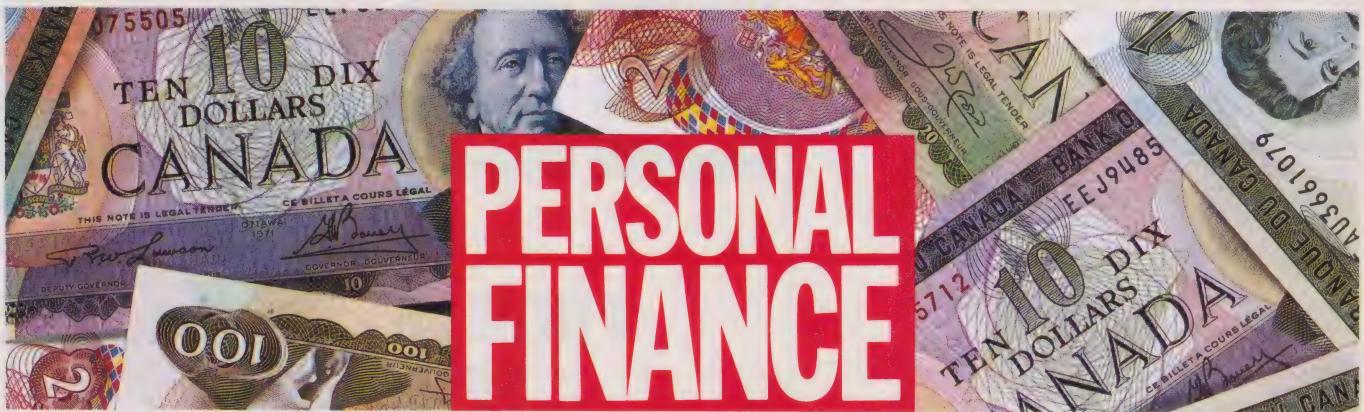
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PERSONAL FINANCE

by Reg Curren

Increasing demands on the consumer's time and money coupled with an explosion of financial products, have opened a new market for the financial services industry. The latest addition to the increasingly complex world of money management is financial planning, an industry that has become a multi-million dollar business in less than a decade.

Everybody — from the banks to life insurance companies and stock brokerages — is getting in on the act. But how are they qualified to deal with your money? Who, in fact, is a bona fide "financial planner," and what constitutes a true financial plan?

These and other questions and concerns prompted the formation of the Canadian Association of Financial Planners (CAFP) a little more than five years ago, says Cedric Stokes, president of the association's Atlantic chapter and a senior consultant with the Investors Syndicate in Halifax.

"Concern began to grow among financial planners who had qualified specifically in that area that more and more people were calling themselves planners without having qualified," says Stokes.

Since its inception the CAFP has grown to more than 1,000 members nation-wide. The association established itself in Atlantic Canada just two years ago. "We have 71 members in this region and there is probably only a handful of practitioners who aren't members of the association," says Robert Young, president of Young Jolly Agencies in Dartmouth and chairperson of the CAFP Atlantic chapter membership committee.

Currently, the association is trying to gain acceptance from both provincial and federal governments to become a self-regulating body in the same way as doctors and lawyers. But, says Cedric Stokes, government's enthusiasm for such a plan is lukewarm, and the various regulatory agencies such as provincial securities commissions seem reluctant to step in and offer guidance to the fledgling industry.

This situation has not prevented the CAFP from embarking on a program of professional development and consumer education to ensure that the industry does not fall victim to unscrupulous operators.

Planning: an investment in good advice

Seeking out a little expert advice can go a long way toward helping you reach your financial goals

According to Young, the association has on-going educational training, both for initial CAFP designation and annual upgrading of education levels for present members. On request, the association will also provide any individual with a list of designated planners, a brochure outlining the basic steps involved in financial planning and the function of the CAFP.

The scope of financial planning can range from setting out a simple household budget to planning and managing multi-million dollar portfolios for business people. While you should not need help establishing a household budget, Robert Young notes that a greater need for a financial planner arises when an individual begins to enjoy disposable income and starts to acquire assets such as a house or income properties.

Young says it's best to have some idea of your goals before talking with a planner. "Try to determine what you are really looking for. Planning, after all, is a matter of setting objectives, and meeting those objectives." He suggests that once you connect with a planner, you should ask some basic, but very important questions: for example, does the planner work on a fee or commission basis (and either way, how much); does he or she have a sample plan to show you; is the planner a member of the CAFP; and can he or she provide you with referrals.

Cedric Stokes agrees. "Personal referrals from existing clients of a financial planner are one of the most valid ways of making sure you're getting a good planner. But as a client, you must feel com-

fortable with the planner, someone you'll be able to deal with over a long period of time. It should be like the relationship you develop with a family doctor."

According to Young, a financial planner, while not an expert in every field, should be a financial co-ordinator who is not afraid to go out and obtain specialized advice for a client when the need arises.

The financial plan eventually drawn up for you should contain written recommendations and alternative solutions. "The more detailed the problems, the more detailed the plan," says Young.

The right strategy should then be implemented to assure that you reach the goals you have in mind. Finally, a financial plan must be periodically reviewed to assure that goals are being met and to take into account any changes in your financial situation.

All this doesn't come cheaply. Financial planners are compensated in three basic ways: fee for service, based on an hourly rate or a percentage of a client's assets or income; fee and commission, determined by the amount of work derived from the purchase of financial products purchased from the planner; and a commission-only basis. Hourly rates range from \$50 to \$200 with a minimum fee of about \$150 for a typical computer generated plan. This amount will only cover the cost of the plan. Custom developed plans can cost anywhere from \$500 to \$5,000 depending on the complexity of the issues. At any rate, determine beforehand how you are going to be billed and whether the cost includes just the plan or ongoing service, or both.

There are several professional designations that can claim a degree of financial planning expertise. The CAFP grants the registered financial planner (RFP) designation to its members. Financial planners with this designation have submitted a sample financial plan, have at least two years experience and some formal education in the area of financial planning.

Other designations recognized as having financial planning expertise include chartered life underwriting (CLU) and chartered accountant (CA). Many of the people in these industries are associate members of the CAFP.

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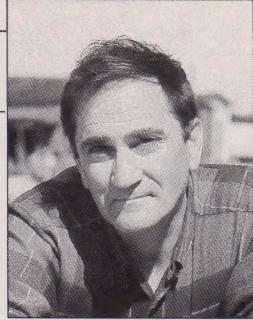
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Atlantic Union's last stand

It is now last chance, I fear, for the dear old Atlantic Provinces. More than a year ago, here on this very page, there was put forth the Guy Memorandum on Atlantic Union. Although chastely-simple in its brilliance, it went unheeded, unsung and unembraced.

Meanwhile, Upper Canada, more properly known as the Great Satan, accelerated its policy of division, diversion and domination right down the line from Madawaska to Witless Bay.

Thus fades the dream from human ken ... the dream of one great Atlantic Province united under one God, one Capital, one premier and one Open Line Radio Show.

Blueprints lie trampled underfoot, blueprints for that new and common capital (our Canberra, our Brasilia) — an alabaster palace on top of Kelly's Mountain, Cape Breton, with Irving pumps and rest-stop out front.

Divided we must fall. Unable to hang together we must now hang separately. One is, one hopes, more wistful than bitter.

For, betimes, the Great Satan has nourished divisiveness in every detail — instead of Stacey's Jamboree out of friendly, neighbouring Bangor, Witless Bay is now forced to watch Detroit's Oprah Winfrey on cable TV!

What happened? Was the Atlantic mind incapable of handling the concept of four premiers knocked together into one super-specimen of a Buchanan, a McKenna, a Peckford and a Ghiz sort of crazy-glued together and sent forth like a colossus to do battle on behalf of Lower Musquodoboit and Come By Chance alike?

Had the vast native enterprise and ingenuity of the four Atlantic Provinces been harnessed and focused, Ottawa would have been brought to its knees overnight ... if you can imagine the chaos along the Rideau under a deluge of expertly and imaginatively-completed UI forms.

Full well the mad geniuses in the federal capital knew this and with what diabolical schemes they seek to thwart us!

Pre-packaged patriotism to name but one instance. The Great Satan seeks to dilute the natural affinity of the Atlantic Four with a kind of Madison Avenue federal *esprit de corps*. Thus we have flames across Canada, runs across Canada, butt-outs across Canada, push-ups across Canada ... there was even a Christmas Canada last year when, at the same instant, the Nativity was declared

from coast to coast.

Watch, now, for Spring Canada! in which, at precisely 2:23 p.m., March 21, crates of terrified robins are dumped out of hovering federal Public Works helicopters over St. John's, Halifax, Quebec City, Toronto, Regina and Victoria, B.C.

But, at the same time, what are the faults that lie within ourselves and not our stars? What local hindrances are there to Atlantic Union? Have we met the enemy and he is us?

In cases like this you can never go far astray when you suspect there's a United Empire Loyalist in the woodpile.

From the Newfoundland vantage point, the U.E.L. element is sometimes hard to grasp. We do not have the Loyalist encumbrance.

Have U.E.L.s helped torpedo Atlantic Unity? Persons more knowledgeable than I say that Loyalists in the Maritimes are the toughest nuts of all, that for some of them the future is, and ever more shall be, the mid-1700s.

More understanding is needed here. How can we soften them and lead them gently into Atlantic Unity, 1988? The Happy Province stands ready, as always, to help.

If it's the loss of their black domestics some Loyalists grieve for I'm sure we could arrange to ship them a brace of Newfie twineys and a couple of ditto yard boys apiece.

It is exactly that sort of understanding and sympathy, one ethnic Atlantic group toward another, that should have been better fostered in years past.

Another internal hindrance to Atlantic Union is a thread which is common and traditional to all four provinces ... poverty worship.

Always poor but proud, that's us. Proud poverty is emblazoned on all our escutcheons. It's the gaunt, funeral icon of a Robert Stanfield that captures the Nova Scotian imagination — the self-image of the fellow who appears, at least, to scorn three square meals a day but who breakfasts regularly on dry, shredded downeast wit.

When threatened with the loss of traditional Atlantic Poverty we spring to the defensive. Pride may go down the drain along with poverty. Ottawa obliges by refusing to cast embarrassing riches our way.

Atlantic Union seemed closest when Newfie Jokes fell out of fashion in Upper Canada. While they lasted they were an excellent means of foiling Atlantic Union.

Even non-Loyalists shunned and avoided a tribe with two heads and a province where the only chance for a Rhodes Scholarship was to cross a Newfoundland with a gorilla.

But the focus may have merely shifted. Ah, yes, friends, the Great Satan never sleeps. Three times, recently, we heard on national radio comic shows, such Upper Canada crowd-pleasers as, "Duh, so ya tink I jus got off da bus from New Brunswick, eh?"

As the self-appointed senior in these transactions, Hali-bloody-fax has much to answer for. Ottawa knows a weak link when it sees one. Thus was one of nature's most heartily-abhorred vacuums piled high with federal largess ... setting off a rash of envy, hatred, malice and pique among the rest of us.

The closer you get to Halifax, I find, the more virulent the condemnation of it. The Mayor of St. John's has to be dug out of brick walls at the mere mention of the name, your average Cape Bretoner must be heavily sedated and I wouldn't be surprised at the things they're doing with gelignite in all those Dartmouth basements.

Halifax as Quisling is a hard hurdle to vault. I doubt that dosing its reservoirs with humility pills would help. We're talking here about a place where Kingdom of Heaven cracks are all the rage.

Those who marvel at Vancouver's narcissism have never done time in Halifax. Yet we must never cease trying to rescue our fallen sisters by the Bedford from the unnatural vice of naval-gazing ... as, indeed, I do here.

Atlantic Union withers on the vine. We continue to lay ourselves open, severally, to the dogs and the commons. The Great Satan revels in our disharmony.

Well, Newfoundland was willing, Newfoundland was able, Newfoundland had much to offer.

Fog of the finest quality, defunct aborigines, rocks for the taking, quaint accents at a discount, unrivaled UIC expertise and, until New Brunswick recently stole the spotlight, the most lunatic politics to be found anywhere.

Thus fades the dream of Atlantic Unity ... yet we must travel in hope lest we die in despair. Newfoundland offers one last chance before quitting it for a bad job and going home to Uncle Sam.

Yes, friends, not for nothing has at least one native of Come By Chance struggled for eight long years to learn how to spell Musquodoboit by heart.

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True quality. True taste.

Warning: Health and Welfare Canada advises that danger to health increases with amount smoked – avoid inhaling.
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ARS GLORIA ARTIS

The glory of art: a fitting description of the new National Gallery of Canada in Ottawa. A true work of art and a Canadian one, as significant as the masterpieces within its walls.

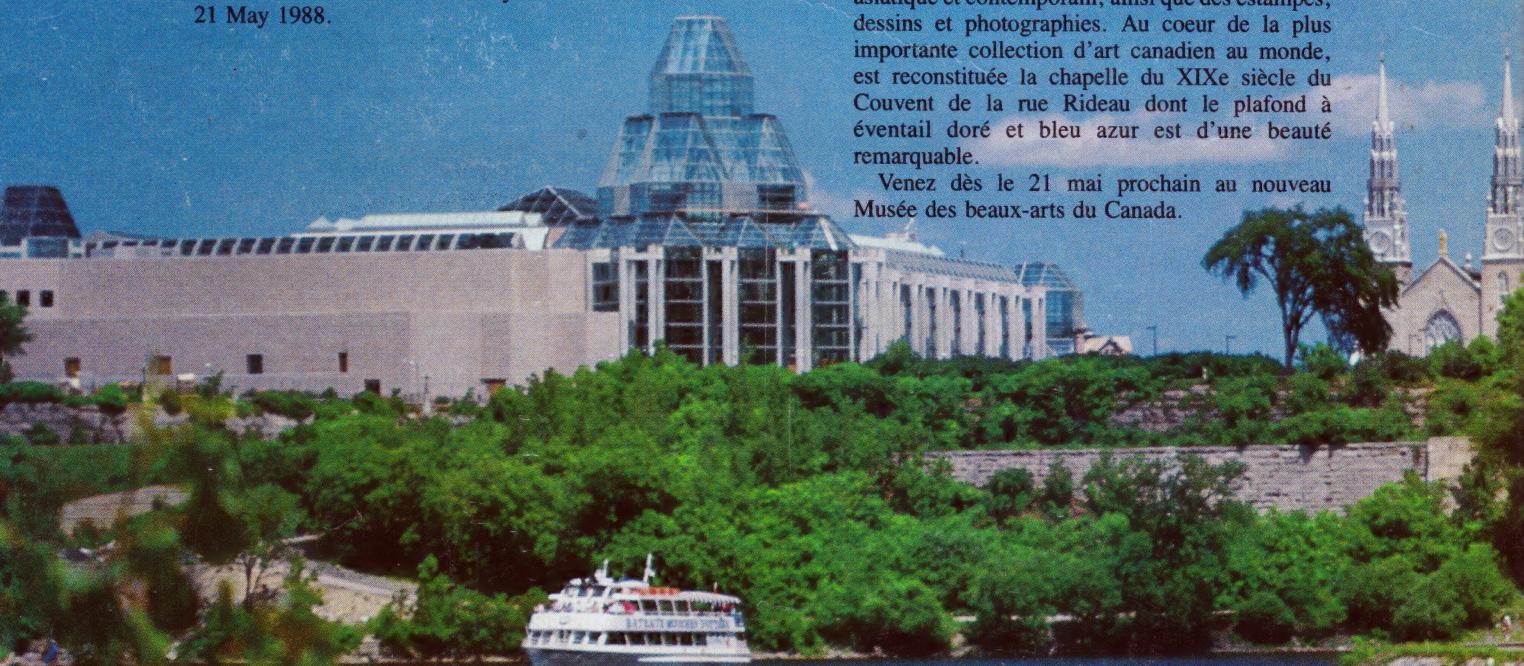
Magnificent exhibitions drawn from the Gallery's collections will open the new building on 21 May 1988. Included will be selections of works of art from the Canadian Historic, Inuit, European, American and Asian, Contemporary, Photographs, Prints and Drawings collections. Reconstructed at the heart of the most important collection of Canadian art in the world is the interior of the late 19th-century Rideau Street Convent Chapel with its splendid blue and gold fan-vaulted ceiling.

Visit the new National Gallery of Canada from 21 May 1988.

A la gloire de l'art, ainsi se présente le nouveau Musée des beaux-arts du Canada à Ottawa. Chef-d'œuvre architectural important, ce monument canadien deviendra aussi précieux que les œuvres d'art qu'il abrite.

Le Musée ouvrira ses portes le 21 mai 1988 alors qu'il exposerà les plus importantes œuvres de ses collections. On y trouvera des œuvres des collections d'art canadien, inuit, européen, asiatique et contemporain, ainsi que des estampes, dessins et photographies. Au cœur de la plus importante collection d'art canadien au monde, est reconstituée la chapelle du XIX^e siècle du Couvent de la rue Rideau dont le plafond à éventail doré et bleu azur est d'une beauté remarquable.

Venez dès le 21 mai prochain au nouveau Musée des beaux-arts du Canada.



National Gallery of Canada

From 21 May – September 1988:
Daily 10 – 6
Wednesdays, Thursdays and
Fridays 10 – 8

Sussex Drive at St. Patrick, Ottawa



Musées nationaux
du Canada National Museums
of Canada

Musée des beaux-arts du Canada

Du 21 mai – septembre 1988:
tous les jours de 10h à 18h
les mercredis, jeudis, et vendredis
de 10h à 20h

Promenade Sussex et rue St. Patrick, Ottawa

Canada